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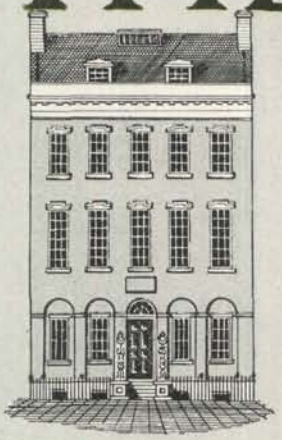

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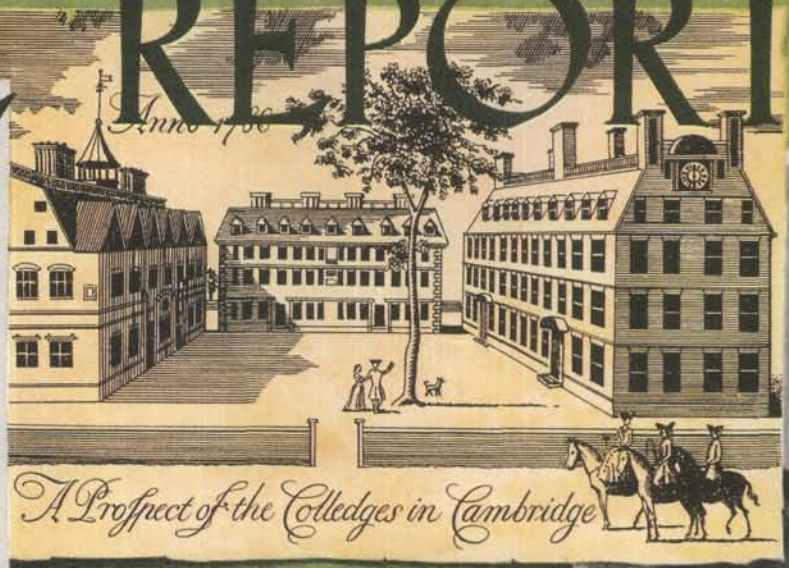

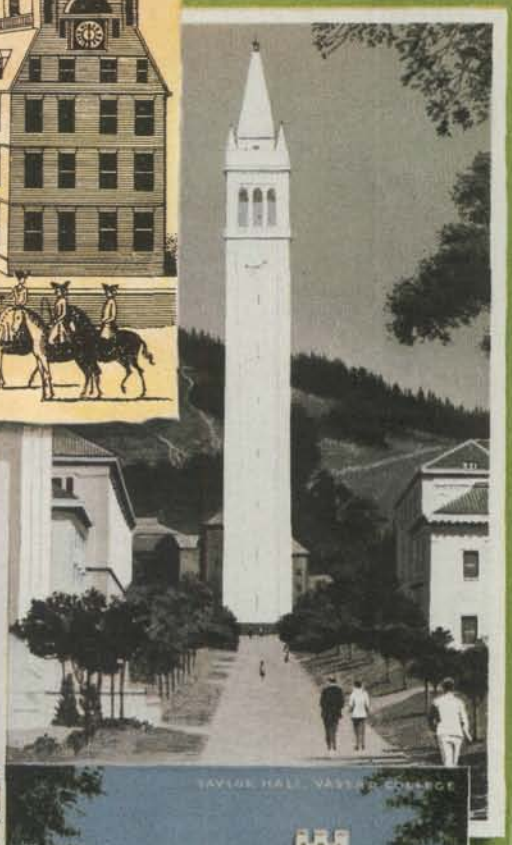

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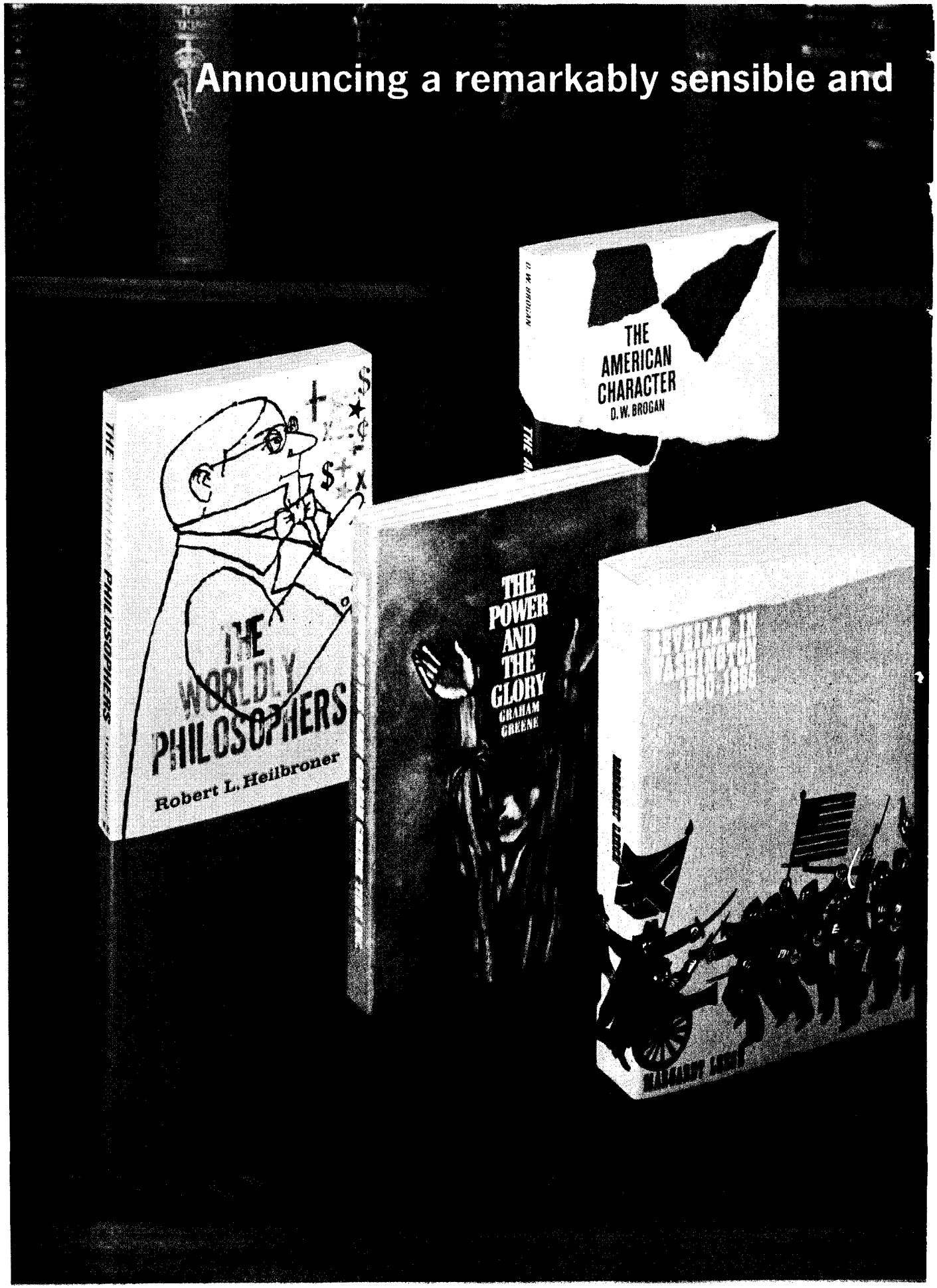

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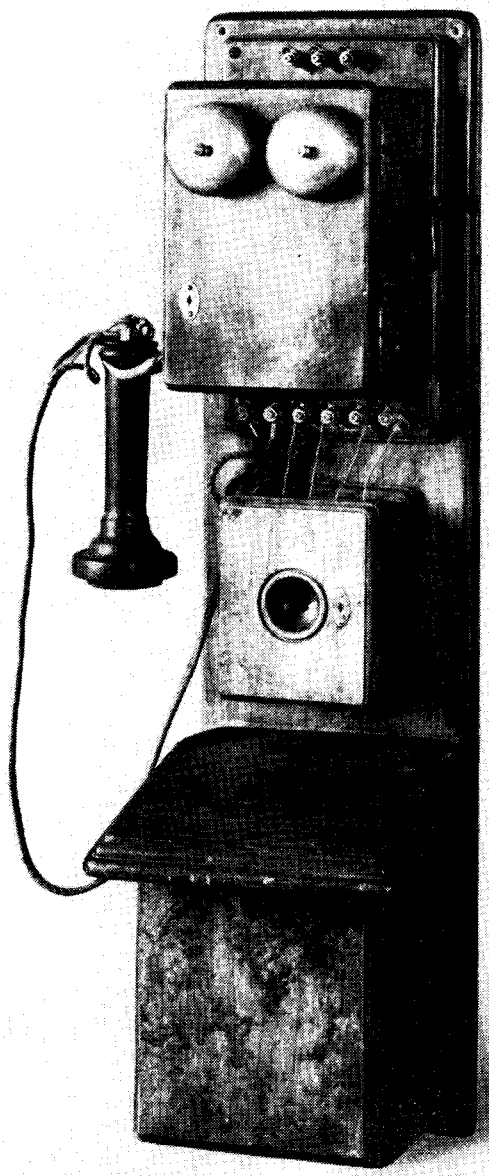

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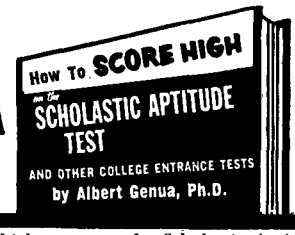

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WHILE our editor, **Max Ascoli,** is enjoying a busman's holiday in Europe, interviewing the leaders and gathering first-hand reportorial impressions and facts, our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** has taken time out from his reportorial duties to editorialize about a fundamental problem besetting our governmental institutions.

SOME TIME AGO pigeons were taught to play Ping-Pong—with modified rules, to be sure—by a process known as operant conditioning. The pigeons never made much of a stir in the table-tennis world, but the process, which in recent years has been used to teach human beings just about everything from algebra to zoology, has proved to be the biggest thing in education for a long time. It is the principle behind the teaching machines that have come upon the market in such enormous profusion. We asked **Spencer Klaw,** a free-lance writer, to review the development of these machines and discuss their present applications and future possibilities. . . . Khrushchev has awakened rather late to the huge importance of the European Common Market. It represents not only a tremendous new force on the very borders of the Communist empire but also a withering contrast to the sterility of his own attempts to duplicate it within the Communist bloc. **Marvin Kalb** is with CBS News in Moscow. His wife, **Madeleine,** is also an expert on Soviet affairs. . . . **William H. Hessler** sends a report from the new *Enterprise*, the biggest warship ever built. Mr. Hessler is with the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. . . . In our last issue we published a discussion, by Timothy W. Stanley, of the Kennedy administration's arguments in the debate on nuclear strategy that has erupted among the NATO nations. This time **André Fontaine,** diplomatic correspondent of *Le Monde*, reports from Paris on President de Gaulle's views in the debate. . . . **J. Anthony Lukas** writes about Boss James H. Pollack of Baltimore, whom some have referred to as a dinosaur and who may or may not be extinct. Mr. Lukas, formerly with the Baltimore *Sun*, is now with the New York *Times*. . . . **Elaine Kendall** is one suburban housewife who does not save trading stamps. . . . As the crime rate grows, police departments find themselves under increasing pressure. This in turn can lead to excesses and sometimes brutality on the part of the police themselves. Often innocent citizens are victimized. Philadelphia has taken a lead, which other cities are now following, in trying to control the alarming increase in police abuses. **Ruth Marossi** and **Gerald Krefetz** are free-lance writers. . . . **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, who reported in our last issue from Madrid on the declining fortunes of General Franco, writes this time from Lisbon on the equally uncomfortable situation of Dr. Salazar.

THE COLLEGE REUNION, like the veterans' convention, appears to be a curiously indigenous American phenomenon. While in some parts of the country the release of more or less maudlin emotion may proceed unashamedly, in the Ivy League and on certain other effete campuses the approved attitude for the returning graduate is one of good-humored condescension. But a deliberate trafficking in recollections of the follies and high purposes of youth is a tricky business at best, and **Meg Greenfield,** who has just attended her tenth reunion at Smith, is surely not the first celebrant who came to scoff and remained to pray. . . . **Edward Jablonski** has named all his children after members of the Gershwin family, and his latest book, *George Gershwin*, will be published by Putnam this year. . . . **Nat Hentoff** reviews some of the latest "spoken word" recordings. . . . **William Weaver** is an American free-lance writer traveling in Europe. . . . **David Galler** is the author of *Walls and Distances*, one of Macmillan's Paperback Poets Series. . . . **William Lee Miller** teaches at the Yale Divinity School. . . . **George Steiner** is the author of *The Death of Tragedy* (Knopf). . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a free-lance writer.

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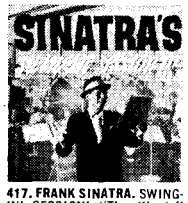

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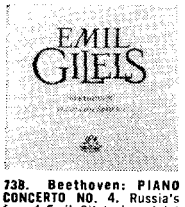
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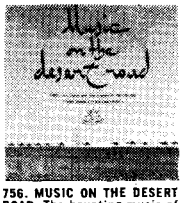

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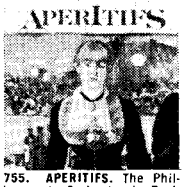

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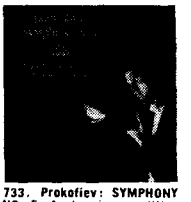

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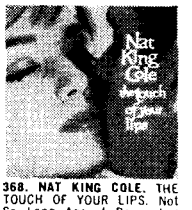

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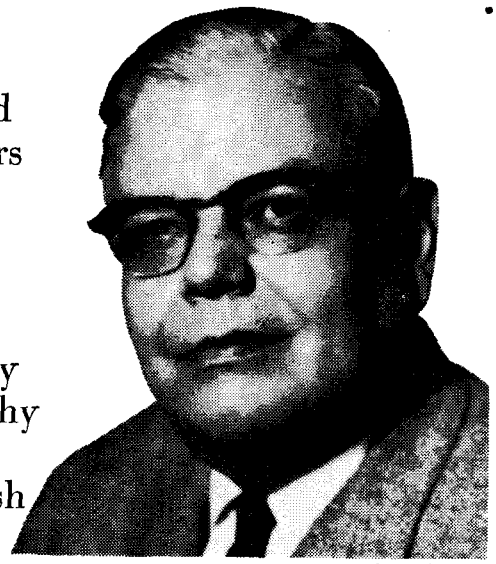

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KENNEDY MINIMUS

To the Editor: In his admirable and disheartening account of the recent Democratic convention at Springfield, Massachusetts ("How Teddy Beat Eddie," *The Reporter*, July 5), Douglass Cater quoted some words of mine concerning the preposterous and insulting candidacy of Teddy Kennedy for the United States Senate. Mr. Cater, probably wisely, used more measured terms of censure than I did. Neither of us, however, has given sufficient emphasis to an aspect of the issue which has special significance.

That aspect concerns the apparently total indifference of Teddy Kennedy to the damage which his candidacy does to the present administration. Surely the youngest of these brothers is not ignorant of the fact that the President's admirers and supporters have not always found it easy to justify the inclination toward nepotism which has been suggested by a number of his appointments. By the decision to seek an office which would now be manifestly beyond his reach were he not the President's brother, Teddy Kennedy has shown a reckless desire for self-advancement—an ambition so childishly irresponsible that it pays no regard to the damage which it does to the good name of the President. Perhaps the candidate has taken these issues into account and is willing to let the public assume that he has received a fraternal blessing. To foster this assumption is in itself an outrage, for it makes it virtually impossible for the President's admirers to extinguish the hostile suspicion of his critics. Perhaps Teddy Kennedy is gambling on the hope that those who support the President will not aid and comfort his enemies by voting against his brother. To engage in such a game of chance is to corrupt the political process. It is not surprising, I think, that Teddy's conduct has brought chuckles of malicious delight from the President's critics and words of indignation from his supporters.

Mark De W. Howe
Law School of Harvard University

ARKANSAS

To the Editor: I think Tom Dearmore's article "Can Faubus Be Beaten?" (*The Reporter*, June 21) is excellent and right on the target. I am in complete agreement with his appraisal of the situation.

Hugh B. Patterson, Jr.
Arkansas Gazette
Little Rock

To the Editor: Before 1957 Little Rock was a good small town, making real progress in integration. We had never been heard of in other countries. Now we are a symbol of ignominy everywhere. I bitterly resent the fact that Mr. Faubus has made the place where

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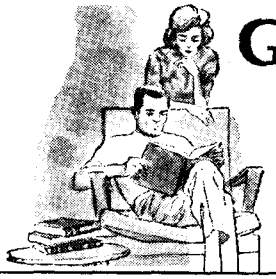

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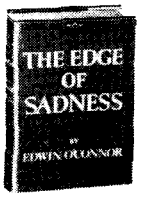

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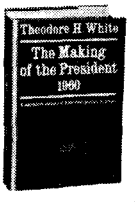

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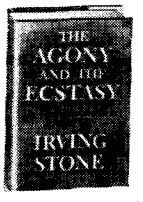

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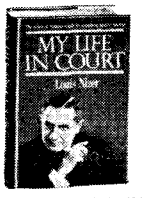

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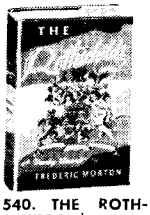

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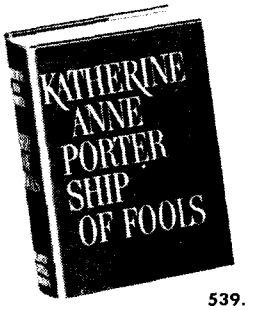

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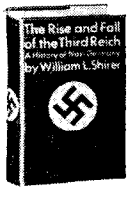

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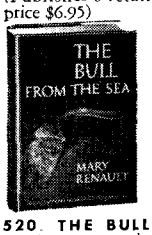

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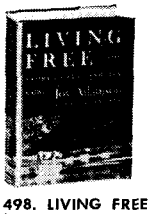

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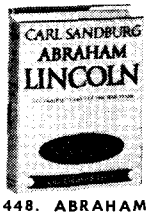

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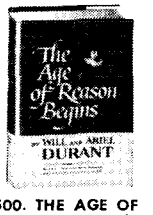

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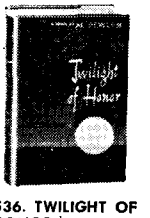

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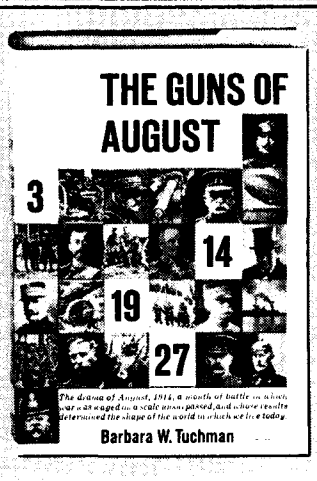

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ADOLPHINE TERRY
Little Rock

SOVIET OIL

To the Editor: Congratulations on Leon M. Herman's excellent article "The Soviet Oil Offensive" published in your June 21 issue. Mr. Herman's well-documented analysis of this new attack renders a real service to those seriously concerned with the future of the free world's economy.

As a member of the official American delegation which inspected the Soviet oil industry in 1960, I can endorse Mr. Herman's statement that "Western oil firms have learned the bitter lesson that the Soviet oil trust is no ordinary competitor." The National Petroleum Council, as an advisory group to the Department of Interior, is concerned with this situation, and has formed a Committee on the Impact of Oil Exports from the Soviet Bloc which is studying possible joint governmental-private enterprise efforts to combat the Russian oil maneuvers.

Unfortunately, our anti-trust laws have handicapped the American oil companies in their efforts to deal effectively with this threat. These regulations, correctly designed to maintain a truly competitive business climate within the United States, also prevent American business firms operating abroad from applying the same principle of collective security against the Communist economic menace which is used by western nations in NATO against the Soviet military menace.

Fortunately, a number of our national leaders have recognized the handicap. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee has voted to extend the Defense Production Act (S.3203), and Senator Jacob Javits has introduced an important amendment which would permit business firms to conduct joint efforts to resist specific economic offensives of the Soviet Union and its satellites. Senator Javits's amendment is to be considered in upcoming committee hearings.

While many of our citizens may find it hard to worry about the problems of oil companies, whether caused by the Russians or any other source, Mr. Herman has very aptly singled out the broad-scale political overtones important to all of us.

GEORGE F. GETTY II, President
Tidewater Oil Company
Los Angeles

To the Editor: It seems to me that Mr. Herman has omitted one side of the Soviet oil offensive—the Soviet failures. For instance, the Indian government is considerably exercised by the fact that the Romanian-built refinery at Assan simply will not refine the waxy Assan crude it was intended to refine. Oil Minister Malaviya recently admitted to angry legislators that the refinery will have to undergo substantial alteration before it will be able to process the oil.

Uruguayan imports of Soviet oil were recently cut back when that country was obliged to accept overpriced satellite coal as part of its trade package with the Soviet Union. Argentina had a similar experience.

Some of the smaller Japanese oil companies, which did not have long-term contracts with the Soviet Union, were recently pressed by the Soviets to accept price increases of a dollar per ton (about fourteen cents a barrel) for 1963. The Japanese prevailed, however, and there were no price increases.

The United Arab Republic is the largest importer of Soviet oil in the underdeveloped world. The Soviets

have agreed to build five refineries in that country, enough to make the U.A.R. independent of the outside world, the Soviet Union as well as the West, for its oil products. Soviet advisers and technicians swarm over the land. Yet Colonel Nasser remains energetically anti-Communist in word and deed.

Although the Soviets have certain advantages in marketing their oil which are denied to private western oil interests, it is not at all clear that the commercial contacts acquired thereby will prove fruitful, or that they will inevitably lead to Soviet political gains.

D. W. LATIMORE, JR.
New York

NEW YORK'S SCHOOLS

To the Editor: Mel Elfin's article in the July 5 issue of *The Reporter* ("Can New York City Do Anything About Its Schools?") was direct, accurate, and hard-hitting. It will be applauded by those who know the New York City school system and are concerned with its problems. I am particularly glad to see the paragraph on the need for an outsider for the superintendency. Too many of the insiders who might be considered were closely identified with the conditions that brought about the crisis of last summer.

FREDERICK C. MCLAUGHLIN, Director
Public Education Association
New York

To the Editor: I think Mr. Elfin has done an admirable job of calling attention to many of the serious problems of the New York City schools, and has produced a piece whose general effect should be constructive. Articles such as this help everyone understand some of the serious problems of big-city education.

HENRY T. HEALD, President
The Ford Foundation
New York

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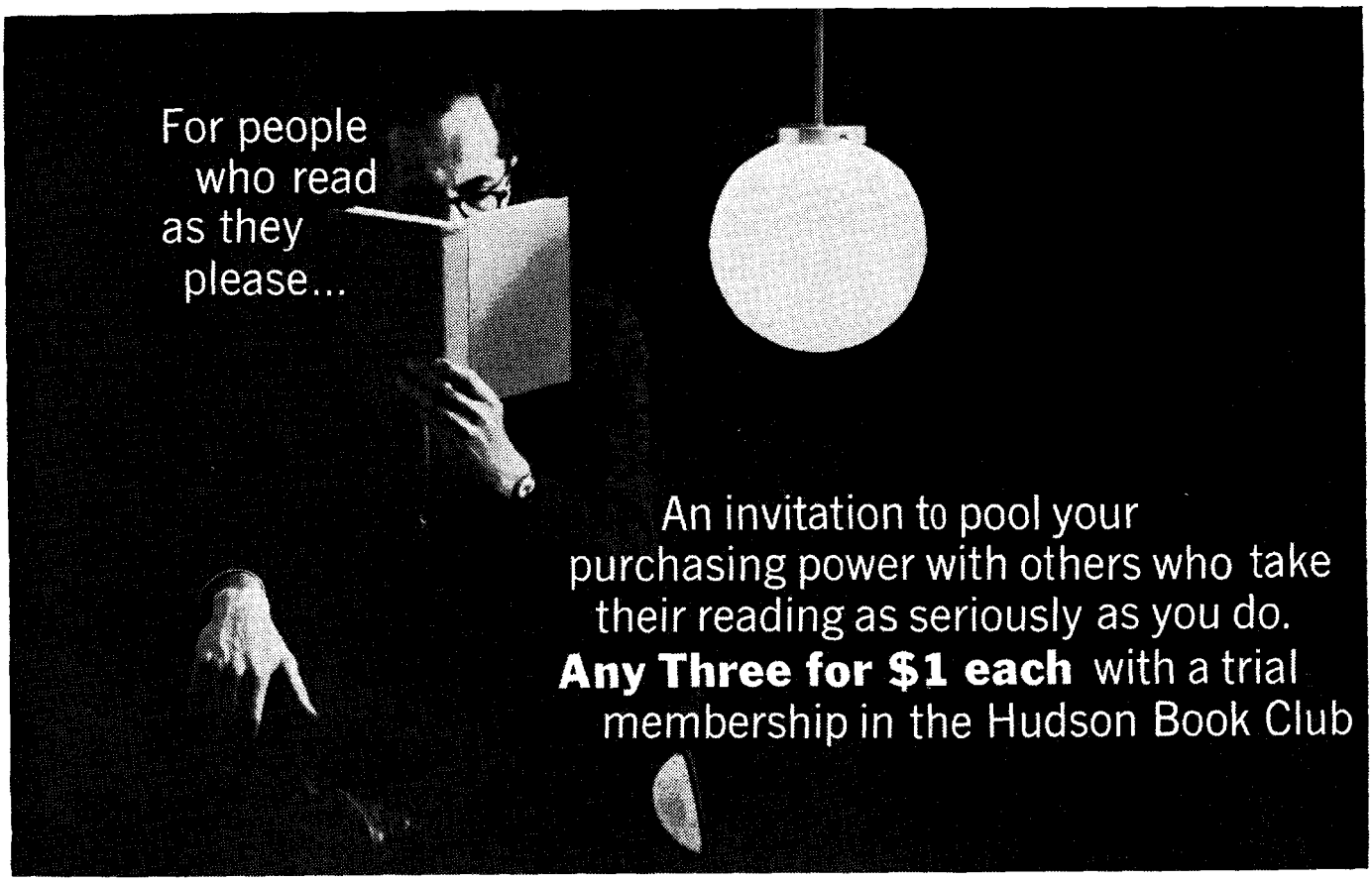
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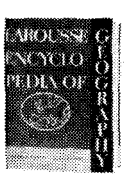

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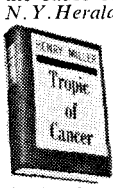

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Enfants de la Patrie

The red, green, and white Algerian flag was raised over Algiers, over Oran, over the schoolhouse in the mountain village, over the hamlet at the edge of the desert—and for ninety-six hours Moslems paraded and cheered their new nationhood. The great Moslem masses of Algeria had dropped little colored bits of paper into the ballot boxes and now, after a revolution, they had a nation and they were happy and proud because they thought it was they who had made them both, the revolution and the nation. But the Moslem masses had made neither, for the revolution and the nation were achieved by a Moslem elite.

That elite spoke French; it was trained in French schools (or prisons); it owed the very concept of nationhood to the French, for North Africans—Tunisians, Moroccans, and Algerians—had never thought in terms of nations until the French occupied their lands and showed them what a nation was. Because the Moslem elite was of French formation, it revolted against French domination for the same reasons and with the same ardor that inspired the French to revolt against their monarchs. It used modern methods—the methods of the French resistance against the German occupation. For no revolution is ever conducted in the abstract; illegality presupposes the existence of legality, revolt the existence of authority.

Victorious after the long, murderous years, the revolutionary Algerian elite is experiencing agonizing difficulties in its first attempts to govern. These difficulties, too, are replicas of the French experience, of the difficulties France had to face and solved. The Algerian elite—as was the French elite in the Fourth Republic—is divided in its councils, the army in its loyalties. Already there is the threat of a Moslem OAS and, once again, Moslems and Europeans are dying in the streets.

But this situation, heart-rending and perilous as it is, surprises and disappoints and renders cynical only those doctrinaires who believe that all of Africa is a chained giant, fully grown and just waiting for the end of European domination to assume full responsibilities in the family of nations. The new Algeria, born in a tormented moment of history, must inevitably begin its life with the full heritage—the uncertainties as well as the aspirations—of the nation from which it won independence and from which it learned its love of freedom. In anguish but also in hope, Algeria is the child of France. May it live up to its inheritance.

Heavenly Name-Dropping

Many of the protests against the Supreme Court's recent decision concerning prayers in public schools assert that the Court has attempted to banish God. One legislator from Alabama memorably summarized his outrage with the remark that the Court had first put Negroes in the schools and now had driven God out. These truant officers for God remind us of the revivalists who say the Communists would "pull down God from the skies." George Sokolsky, in the present case, even accuses the Supreme Court of trying to "abolish God." The zealous folk who make these accusations seem to see themselves rushing to the rescue, calling "Courage, God, we come."

What kind of faith is this? Surely, neither God nor godliness depends upon such defenders—nor, indeed, upon public-school ceremonies. God, if He be God, cannot be so easily banished. And as for godliness, bland and nominal ceremonials in a nonreligious setting may do more harm than good. The defenders of official piety are strong for what they call the public acknowledgement of God; but the routine, the public pressure, the nonreligious setting, the multireligious constituency, and the emptiness of such prayer as that composed by the New York regents must make this little more than heavenly name-dropping.

Thomas Jefferson wanted separation, so the story goes, to protect the state from the church, but Roger Williams wanted it for the opposite reason; to protect the free, inward, and personal character of religion from the coercive, external, leveling action of the state. Perhaps the church needs more protection than the state in our days. At any rate, the point should not be forgotten in this dispute, which is too often and wrongly presented as one between freedom and religion. Does serious religion have any stake in such a classroom prayer as that on which the Court ruled? We overburden the public schools with noneducational tasks as it is; religious worship is one we can be doubly sure does not belong there.

The kind of religion that results would seem in itself to be enough to condemn the practice. This regents' prayer, for example, was written by a nonreligious governmental authority so as to offend no one; it was said in a secular setting under the eye of a teacher of any religious position or none by pupils of every faith and no faith. What could it mean? Lacking a religious setting and community to give it meaning, it must have taken on the flavor of the one sort of piety that *is* shared and real in such a setting: patriotism. Notice that Justice Stewart, in his dissent, eloquently invokes—as do many other defenders of the prayer—the "spiritual heritage of our nation." But if they are really religions rather than mere platitudinous adjuncts of national patriotism, Christianity and Judaism stand above and beyond (even in some measure against) the public heritage of this or any nation. That belief in an unbanishable God is the

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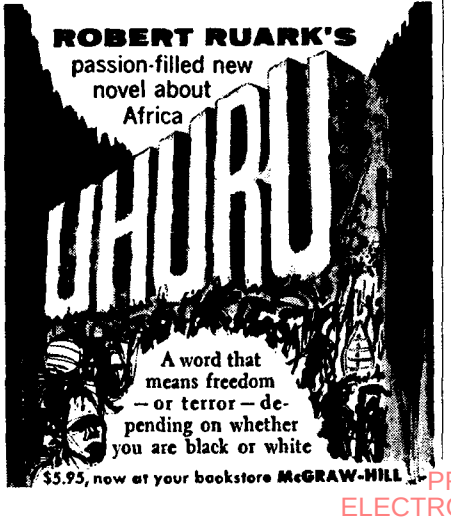
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kind of thing churches can hold onto—but that tends to get lost in the public schools.

Visions of Sugar Plums

It is still not yet clear whether the Communists were perpetrating a fiendish plot when they caused us to withhold Cuba's sugar quota. Consider the evidence. For years we had a nice deal going by which we paid foreign producers many dollars per ton above the world price and the particular beneficiary was Cuba, which supplied the bulk of our imported sugar. The reason was not that we loved Cuba so much but that it helped disguise the big subsidy given beet and cane producers in this country.

Then came Castro, and Cuba's quota—more than three million tons—had to be parceled out elsewhere. Needless to say, the competition was keen. Little nations have rocked and the Organization of American States rolled as the scramble for Cuba's sugar quota progressed. In fact, the Organization almost seemed doomed two years ago when Harold Cooley, chairman of the House Agriculture Committee and self-appointed boss of our sugar diplomacy, dictated that a large portion should be transferred to Trujillo's Dominican Republic at the very time the Organization of American States was applying sanctions against the dictatorship. The Eisenhower administration, at the behest of the State Department, slapped a tax on the Dominican windfall—an action that provoked a continuing hostility between the State Department and Congressman Cooley.

This summer the old Sugar Act expired, and the troubles over what to do with Cuba's quota broke out anew. Capitol Hill swarmed with Washington lawyers, many representing foreign sugar producers on the basis of so much legal fee for so many tons of quota wooed from Congress. The visions of sugar plums that danced in these lawyers' heads, as Senator Fulbright took pains to document, amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Spokesmen for domestic beet and sugar-cane growers blandly made it known that their clients were already planting new fields and building new sugar mills in expectation of a large helping of Cuba's quota.

What ensued must have produced rejoicing somewhere. The House of Representatives ignored the administration's plea for a "global quota" to be bought at non-premium prices and restored to Cuba upon that country's return to grace. Instead it voted to allocate the quota according to a design fashioned by Mr. Cooley and the lobbyists. Among the new recipients of permanent quotas were South Africa, India, Australia, and the Fiji Islands. Some, like Panama, Guatemala, and British Honduras, were allotted quotas far in excess of their present total export capacity. The Senate made a halfhearted attempt to go along with the administration but, in conference, only succeeded in paring Mr. Cooley's largesse down a bit.

Argentina did get dropped from the list—the only claimant, it so happened, that had failed to hire a lobbyist. The final bill substantially increases the allotment for domestic growers, which means that farmers in ever greater numbers will be plowing under their old crops to turn to the certified profits of sugar.

What remained unallocated—about a half of Cuba's big share—was put in the so-called global quota requested by the administration. But there seems small likelihood that it will be kept intact as an inducement for Cuba to mend its ways. Even before final passage of the sugar bill, there were violent outcries from abroad. Argentina, whose government is struggling for survival, was mortally offended at being left out. The Dominicans, still shakily trying to establish a new government and counting on the larger temporary quota they received the first six months of this year, threatened to quit the Alliance for Progress unless their share was increased. Five minutes after it finished voting on the Sugar Act, the Senate took up an amendment to a bill controlling the importation of adult honeybees. The amendment, which had nothing to do with honeybees, stipulated that the President take still another chunk from the global sugar quota to pacify those nations that felt slighted.

And so the bitter battle over sugar goes on.

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Very Like a Whale

In 1789 the radical members of the French National Assembly decided, for no apparent reason, to sit on the left side of the Assembly's presiding officer. Those who were not radicals therefore sat on his right. Less than fifty years later, a number of European political parties took to calling themselves "liberals" and "conservatives." Those two historic events have turned out to mean nothing but trouble for a number of people—but especially for the Republican Party.

Polonius, who may well have been the first Republican ("Neither a borrower nor a lender be"), set the style in which the G.O.P. has sought to synthesize the political directions of its party when he described the drama of his time—"tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical," and, finally, "tragical-comical-historical-pastoral." Similarly, in the past few years we have witnessed the birth of dynamic conservatism, moderate progressivism, progressive conservatism, and modern Republicanism, to mention but a few of the wearier locutions. And still, to judge from recent Republican efforts at self-analysis, nobody is satisfied.

The Democratic Party has had much better luck. It solved the whole problem of direction and identification by simply reiterating through a long, hot campaign that it was determined to get America moving again—without ever saying where. The utility of this approach is apparent, and there are hints in the air that the Republican Party has decided to solve its problem by ignoring it, just as the Democrats have successfully done for so many years. Indeed, Mr. Eisenhower himself, addressing his fellow Republicans in the bucolic setting of his Pennsylvania home, said that he had gotten "so I despise the term 'liberal' and I have almost gotten so I hate the term 'conservative.'" We know what he means.

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 19 issue your next copy will be dated August 16. That will be followed by the September 13 issue, and our regular fortnightly schedule will be resumed.

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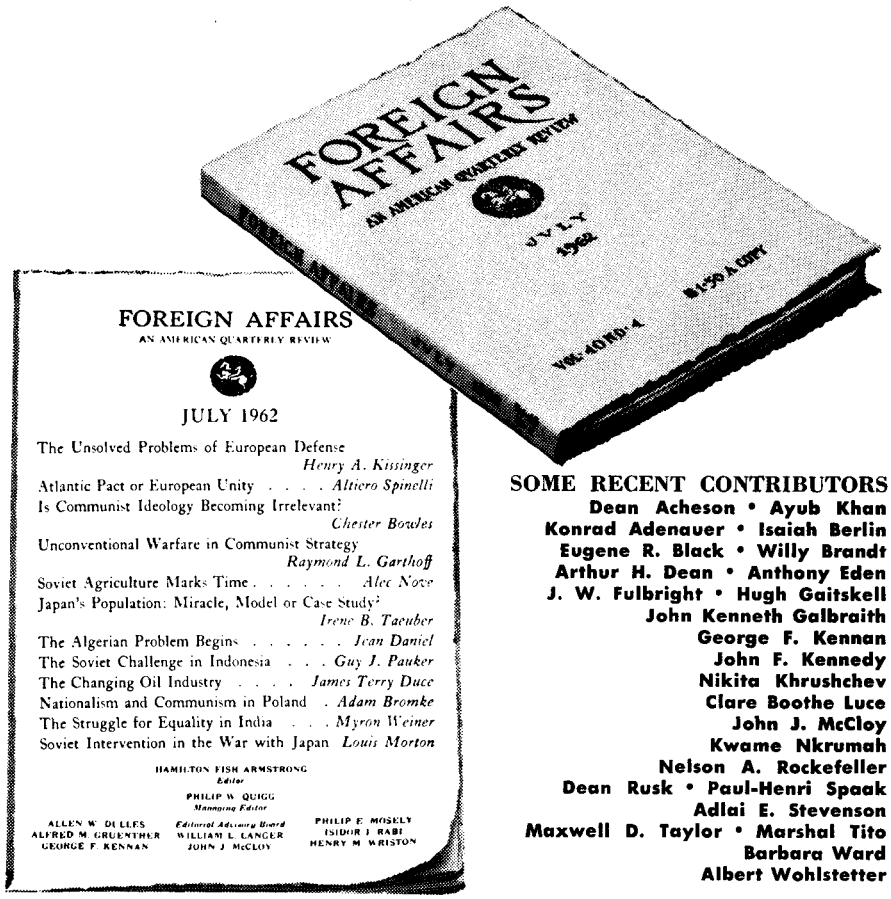
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DOUGLASS CATER

The Washington Stalemate

AMID the congratulations freely exchanged by Congressional leaders after the House passed the President's trade bill, the gloom of the preceding week—when that same body rejected President Kennedy's farm bill—had all but vanished. The trade triumph, we were told in hasty post-mortems, had been a masterpiece of strategy. Oil's opposition was routed during the final forty-eight hours by a series of carefully placed phone calls. Textiles had been bought off considerably earlier, though coal still caused trouble. One by one, the trade bill's constituencies had been lined up and shrewdly accounted for.

Still, it was not so easy to forget the confusion seven days earlier when a ten-vote margin in the House sent the farm bill, in parliamentary ignominy, back to committee. Everything had gone wrong. Actually, the margin was even closer than it seemed, since four opponents had agreed to switch to the President's support if their vote should prove crucial. As the roll call approached, all the Kennedy forces failed to muster just two more. Shortly before the vote, Lawrence O'Brien of the White House staff put in a desperate phone call to one holdout, Representative Philip J. Philbin, a Democrat from the President's home state; the call was not accepted.

The two episodes, crowding each other so closely, point up a problem that has grown serious. In an age when the line between domestic and foreign issues has become blurred, to say the least, our institutions of government continue to make sharp distinctions. Foreign measures bound up with the mystic ties of bipartisanship can still muster a majority to get through Congress. Domestic measures bound up with party are usually doomed, even though the members pay lip service to the need for party rule and party responsibility.

The situation is not exactly new. A decade and a half ago, a Republican-dominated Congress could ratify the Marshall Plan and yet be loudly denounced by a Democratic President for being "Do-Nothing." The granitic deadlock over major domestic legislation that developed during Truman's administration continued during the divided party rule of Eisenhower's time. So far, the Kennedy Congress, though it has a substantial majority nominally of the same party faith as the President, shows scant signs of being willing to "Do-Something" about the more pressing issues on the home front.

Where does the fault lie? It is possible to demonstrate by the make-up of the majority why it is necessary to send more Democrats to Congress to support a Democratic President. But the present impasse also stems from misplaced power among those already there. A chairman like Harold Cooley of the House Agriculture Committee proves ineffectual in handling the administration's farm bill after allowing it to get so disarranged in subcommittee and committee as to deserve its subsequent demise. In the Senate, Harry Byrd, who as chairman of the Finance Committee is setting this session's time schedule on the most important measures, approaches his formidable task with the state of mind of some earlier century. On the developing economic dialogue called for by the President he is determined to impose the vocabulary of an archaic language. There are a number of malefactors of great stealth in Congress who abuse the democratic process even while purporting to be part of it.

Deference to misplaced power also occurs elsewhere. The power struggle in Washington is not, as some depict it, entirely a seesaw contest between the Executive and Legislative branches. Unholy alliances of power have grown up, cutting across the formal branches of government and including quasi-governmental groups from outside. They constitute, in effect, a new form of feudalism within the realm, jealous and assertive against the national interest. The tight little subgovernment of sugar, lately in the news, is only one particularly cozy example.

ACCORDING to some political purists, a stalemate in domestic affairs is both inevitable and even proper so long as a clear public "consensus" is absent. This amounts to a kind of *immobilisme*. It means not only a failure to grapple with the problems of this era but also a helpless perpetuation of the programs of an earlier era, grown oversize and often irrelevant to their original purposes. Some, as in the case of the farm program, contain built-in inflation, helping create the dire conditions they were meant to cure. Others have tended more and more to become pawns of the special group grown up to oversee them. These—the untouchables—are more responsible than Billie Sol Estes for the corruption of government. The inability to bury the old or take new action represents a crisis of institutions that goes beyond the mere matter of which party is supposedly in power.

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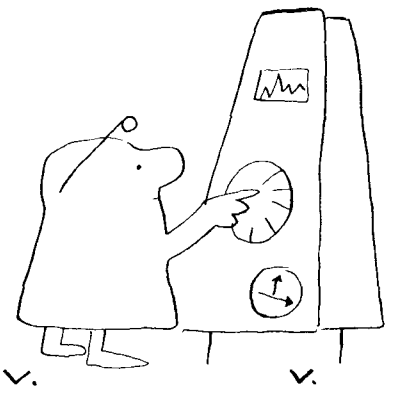
What Can We Learn From the Teaching Machines?

SPENCER KLAW

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of Americans have been introduced in recent years to a remarkable new form of pedagogy known as automated teaching or programmed instruction. In essence, it consists of presenting a subject in a sequence of short units, or "frames," each of which contains a question that the student must answer before moving on. Such a sequence is known as a program, and it is often administered mechanically—that is, by a so-called teaching machine, which exposes the program to the student one frame at a time and tells him instantly whether the answers he is giving are correct. Some machines are made so that questions can be answered by pressing buttons. But while the teaching machine is the most striking symbol of this new pedagogy, programmed instruction can also be administered by a programmed text. This is a sort of workbook designed so that a student may move from frame to frame and check the correctness of his answers simply by turning pages. In whichever form a program is presented, its function is to lead a pupil, as program writers like to put it, from ignorance to wisdom—or, at any rate, to a firmer grasp of the principles of algebra or English grammar—by engaging him in a kind of silent Socratic dialogue.

Few of the many schemes put forward lately for improving education in America have created so great a stir. Research projects, generously supported by the Federal government and by private foundations, have been carried out by psychologists and educators at Harvard, Yale, Stanford, Illinois, Indiana, U.C.L.A., Dartmouth, and at dozens of other institutions. Students have been experimentally instructed, by machine or by programmed text, in calculus, geometry, physics, spelling, Hebrew, long division, Russian, psychology, logic, statistics, the understanding of poetry, and the operation and maintenance of weapons systems. Mechanics have been taught to read blueprints, telephone operators to route toll calls, engineers



to use analogue computers, retarded children to measure with a ruler, and pharmaceutical salesmen to talk intelligently about cortical steroids.

Commercially produced machines and programs are being used in some two thousand schools, and in the coming school year the number may be two or three times as great. One leading textbook publisher, Harcourt, Brace & World, has commissioned the writing of fifty programmed texts, and most of its major competitors have a dozen or so in the works. Encyclopaedia Britannica Films has announced plans to program, in book format, practically an entire high-school curriculum. For a time last year, the bare announcement that a company was planning to market a teaching machine was sometimes enough to send the price of its stock soaring. Programs or machines of one variety or another are now being sold by more than a hundred companies. Teaching machines are even being peddled from door to door, and offered by mail to anxious parents in advertisements headed "GUARANTEED TO IMPROVE YOUR CHILD'S SCHOOL MARKS—OR YOU PAY NOTHING!"

CLAIMS about the amazing efficiency of programmed instruction have not emanated solely from manufacturers of teaching machines. Professor B. F. Skinner of Harvard, a distinguished experimental psychologist and one of the principal inventors of the teaching machine, has written that "Exploratory research . . . indicates that what is now taught by teacher, lecture, or film can be taught in half the time and with half the effort by a machine . . ." Some of Skinner's disciples, to be sure, incline to the view that the master was laying it on a bit thick when he made this statement. But a close look at the theory (or theories) of programmed instruction and at the results it is yielding in actual use leaves no doubt that it works, and little doubt that it will bring about significant and, on the whole, beneficial changes in a wide variety of educational practices.

Among other things, programmed instruction will almost certainly have a sharp and lasting impact on the way textbooks are written, the costs of industrial training, the organization of school courses and curricula, the training of teachers, the way schools deal with fast learners, and—perhaps more important—on the way they deal with slow

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learners. It will even have an effect on the way teachers teach when they are not using machines or programmed texts.

From Pigeons to Pupils

The modern teaching machine and the technique of programmed instruction owe their existence mainly to the development, by Skinner and other experimental psychologists, of a process called operant conditioning. It is often demonstrated to students something like this: A hungry pigeon is placed in a box or cage, and the demonstrator undertakes to teach it to do a simple trick—for example, to turn around in a clockwise direction. He begins by watching for the pigeon to make some move—turning its head to the right, perhaps—that might lead to the execution of a clockwise turn. When he sees such a move, he instantly "reinforces" is by giving the pigeon a grain of corn. As a rule, the pigeon will immediately repeat the move, and the demonstrator will again reinforce it. He will then withhold the corn until the pigeon chances not only to turn its head to the right but at the same time, let us say, steps forward with its left foot. This move, too, will be reinforced with corn.

Proceeding in this fashion, an experienced demonstrator can usually manage within two or three minutes to get the pigeon whirling rapidly in a clockwise turn. In a few minutes more, he can often teach the pigeon to whirl in the opposite direction and, finally, to combine the two turns so as to execute a sort of figure 8 maneuver. By this same method, pigeons have been conditioned to discriminate among playing cards of different suits, to peck out tunes on a toy piano, and to play a kind of table tennis.

About ten years ago, Skinner was struck with the idea of trying to teach people like pigeons—that is, by arranging matters so that a student, like a pigeon being taught to execute a figure 8, would be reinforced instantly each time he took a step in the right direction. In 1954, he published an article setting forth his views and arguing that the necessary reinforcement should be provided by a machine.

Skinner himself designed a number of machines, one of which, consisting of a metal box with two small windows in its upper surface, was the prototype of a whole family of teaching machines now on the market. To use this machine, a student read a short block of text framed in one of the windows, answered the question it contained by writing on a piece of paper displayed at the other window, and pushed a lever. This brought into view the correct answer to the question and a new frame containing a new question.

In 1957, Skinner and a colleague, James G. Holland, wrote for use in this machine a program covering part of the subject matter of a course, Natural Sciences 114, that they were giving to undergraduates at Harvard and Radcliffe. In the box below is a short sequence of frames from this program, in which the authors introduce the idea of operant conditioning, to illustrate the pedagogical style of a teaching machine.

Unlike the pigeon trainer, programmers do not simply wait until the student happens to do what they want. Instead, they nudge and prompt him into giving a correct answer and then reinforce him. The reinforcement does not consist in giving the student corn but in telling him that he is right. "Human behavior is remarkably influenced by small results," Skinner has written. ". . . We might say that the human organism is reinforced by any simple gain in competence."

THE LAUNCHING of the first Soviet sputnik in 1957, and the ensuing hue and cry about the inadequacies of American education, stimulated an interest in Skinner's ideas that was soon intensified by indications that these ideas could be made to yield spectacular results. In an experiment sponsored by the U.S. Office of Education, sixth-grade pupils were taught spelling by machine for a period of six months. Although they spent only a third as much time on spelling as their classmates who were being taught in the ordinary way, they scored much higher on standard achievement tests. In Roa-

A SAMPLE FROM HARVARD'S NATURAL SCIENCES 114

Performing animals are sometimes trained with "rewards." The behavior of a hungry animal can be "rewarded" with _____.	**food**
A technical term for "reward" is reinforcement. To "reward" an organism with food is to _____ it with food.	**reinforce**
Technically speaking, a thirsty organism can be _____ with water.	**reinforced (NOT: rewarded)**
The trainer reinforces the animal by giving it food _____ it has performed correctly.	**when (if, after)**
Reinforcement and behavior occur in the temporal order: (1) _____, _____.	**(1) behavior (2) reinforcement**
Food given to a hungry animal does not reinforce a particular response unless it is given almost immediately _____ the response.	**after**
Unlike a stimulus in a reflex, a reinforcing stimulus _____ act to elicit the response it reinforces.	**does not (will not)**
A reinforcement does not elicit a response; it simply makes it more _____ that an animal will respond in the same way again.	**probable (likely)**

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noke, Virginia, eighth-graders of average ability learned just about as much algebra in one semester from a programmed text as ninth-graders are ordinarily expected to learn in a year. At a boarding school near Philadelphia, mentally retarded teen-agers were provided with machines designed to give them practice in arithmetic; at the end of the school year, tests showed gains in proficiency two and a half times as great as gains made by students in a closely matched control group who had not used machines. By using programmed texts, IBM has been able to reduce from fifteen to eight hours the class time needed to cover the opening sections of a course the company gives on the use of its 7070 computer. Indeed, in almost every comparison that has been reported, students getting programmed instruction have learned as much as those getting the conventional kind —very often they appear to have learned more—and, moreover, have learned it in a shorter time. Experimenters also report, as a rule, that students like programmed instruction and think it does them a lot of good.

Testimony of this kind must, of course, be interpreted with caution. While it proves that instructional programs do instruct, it does *not* prove that they can be counted on, as a general thing, to instruct more efficiently than teachers. People asked to try new ways of doing things often perform more efficiently simply because they are pleased to have been made the subjects of an experiment, and because they are eager to return the favor by pleasing the experimenter. Furthermore, programs differ, and so do teachers. The fact that a particular program produces better results than a particular teacher may suggest only that the teacher should be fired.

Skinner vs. Crowder

Many experimenters have therefore been less interested in pitting programs against teachers than in pitting one version of a program against another. By varying certain factors—the number of separate steps in a program, for example, or the order in which the steps are arranged—they have tried to find out what kind of a program teaches most efficiently. So far, the results of such research have generally been inconclusive.

Practitioners differ sharply about how an instructional program should be written. The most widely divergent views are those held by pure Skinnerians on the one hand and, on the other, by the supporters of a former Air Force psychologist named Norman A. Crowder. Crowder is the designer of the AutoTutor Mark II, a $1,250 machine made by U.S. Industries, Inc. Somewhat resembling a television set, the AutoTutor has a screen onto which, one at a time, the frames of an instructional program are projected. A frame may consist of two or three hundred words and invariably ends with a multiple-choice question. The student answers it by pushing a button. In other words, he selects one of the answers that have been provided for him instead of making up his own answer, as the Skinner method requires. If he has pushed the right one, there is a soft whirring and clacking, and a new frame dealing with a new topic appears. If he pushes the wrong button, however, he gets an altogether different frame. Typically, it tells him that he gave the wrong answer, suggests why he may have done so, and instructs him to punch a button that will send him back for another try.

Crowder's kind of program can also be presented in a form known as the scrambled textbook. It has one frame to a page. When a student comes to the multiple-choice question, he picks what he thinks is the right answer and turns to a page whose number appears next to the answer he has chosen. If he has chosen correctly, he will find a new block of information on the designated page; if not, he will get more explanation. Crowder writes in a chatty, colloquial vein, and a student who has made a mistake may be told, "Now, now, you're getting excited."

Crowder's programs differ from the pure Skinnerian variety in several important ways. Skinner believes it is best to proceed in very small steps, and he regards the response the student must make at each step as an essential element in the learning process. Crowder, by contrast, feeds out information in relatively large chunks, and asks questions of the student only to find out if he has properly digested a particular chunk. Another difference involves what is called branching. The Holland-Skinner psychology program at Harvard, for example, is a nonbranching or linear program—it has one sequence of steps that everyone must follow. By contrast, a student who makes a mistake while going through one of Crowder's programs is shunted off the main line and onto a branch where he gets additional instruction. Skinnerians consider this poor practice, arguing that people learn best when they don't make mistakes, and that programs should be written so that, ideally, every question will be answered correctly. Crowder, for his part, thinks that a program should adapt itself, as his programs do, to individual differences in learning ability. As he puts it, "People are not pigeons."

CROWDER appears to be winning the argument about branching. A linear program so easy that a poor student will make virtually no errors is likely to be an awful bore to a brighter one, and many Skinnerians are now writing programs resembling Crowder's in that a good student is not made to plow through so many frames as is a poor one. If he gets a certain question right, for example, he may be told to skip the next ten frames—a technique known as express stopping.

In other respects, however, Skinner's ideas tend to prevail. This is partly because of their plausibility. To a generation of teachers raised to believe in "learning by doing," it makes sense that students should be required, as Skinner insists they should, to compose their own answers when going through a program. (Skinner further argues that multiple-choice questions are bad because a student may remember one of the wrong answers instead of the right one.)

Also, it is probably easier to write a good program of the Skinner variety than to write one like Crowder's. Despite all the electronic accouterments and the prevalence of scientific jargon, programming remains an art rather than a science, and there is no agreement on what

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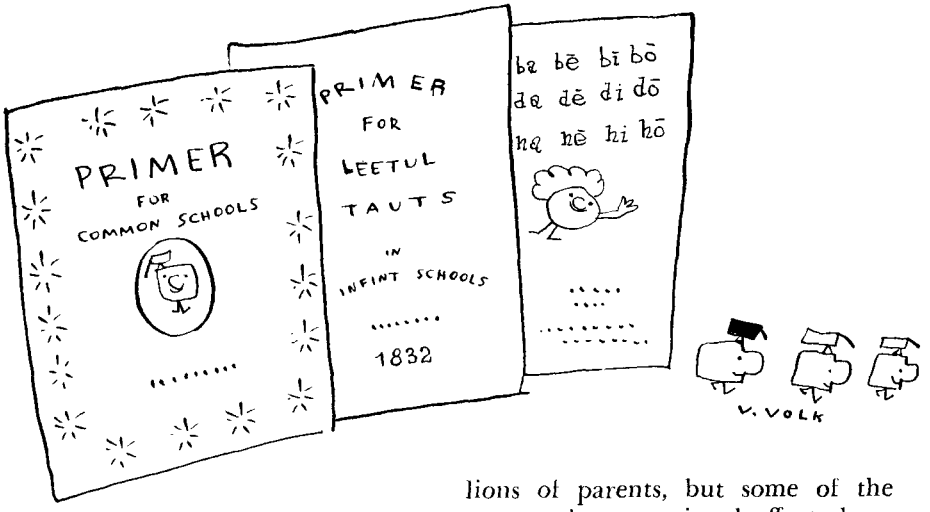
makes a good programmer. Programs are being written by teachers, psychologists, college students, authors of conventional textbooks, and housewives with college degrees and time on their hands. But there is fairly general agreement that whoever writes a program, it must be given what amounts to extensive out-of-town tryouts.

"A programmer does not go very far," Dr. Francis Mechner of Basic Systems, Inc., a New York programming firm, recently told a group of textbook salesmen, ". . . before we provide him with a child, an actual child, who takes the frames—who sits there with his pencil and writes answers and turns pages. The programmer sits next to him and watches him. He watches when the child makes mistakes. He watches when the child seems to be bored. . . . He watches when he asks questions and when he seems puzzled." Before publication, Mechner added, a program "is tested, revised—tested, revised, through about three, four—optimally, five cycles . . ."

The advantage of programming in short steps is that in the process of revising, the programmer, by noting which questions his subjects miss, can tell exactly where he has been ambiguous or confusing. Questions can, of course, be made too easy. By consistent "overprompting," as it is known in the trade, a programmer may produce a text that students will race through, answering every question correctly but learning very little. If, however, the programmer also tests his subjects carefully to make sure that they are learning what they are supposed to learn, he should be able to produce a program that is not only clear—and therefore "easy"—but one that teaches with great efficiency.

All this makes programming expensive. Basic Systems, for example, advises industrial clients who want a custom-tailored program that it is likely to cost them at least a thousand dollars for each hour of instruction. But the collaboration that takes place between a programmer and his test subjects is regarded by many people in the field as one of the most significant aspects of the new pedagogy. Among these who hold this view is P. Kenneth Komoski, the president of the Center for



Programed Instruction—the Center insists on spelling "programmed" with one "m"—a nonprofit organization supported by the Carnegie Corporation. "The programer has the privilege of deciding what will be taught," Komoski has said. "But the students show him how to teach it."

Boxes or Books?

No idea in the history of education has set the pulses of investors and entrepreneurs to leaping and pounding so furiously as the idea of teaching by machine. Within the next ten years, the number of Americans attending schools and colleges is expected to rise from forty-two million to sixty-two million, and two years ago some Wall Street brokers already were predicting that as many as fifteen to twenty million teaching machines might be needed to serve them. In the fall of 1960, when Grolier, Inc., disclosed that it was adding a teaching machine called the Min/Max ("Minimum Time . . . Maximum Learning") to its line of encyclopedias and reference books, the price of its stock shot from $32 to $50. All in all, some sixty companies have announced plans to manufacture and sell, at prices ranging from less than five dollars to more than $2,500, devices with names like Learn Ease, Edumator, Ed-U-Data, Visitutor, Didak, Tutor-Matic, Instructron, Redi-Tutor, and Omnibox Teachall, and many of these machines have actually been put on the market.

Grolier's five thousand salesmen, who go from door to door selling the firm's encyclopedias, have also been offering the Min/Max to millions of parents, but some of the company's promotional efforts have met with less than universal acclaim. In Middlesex County, Massachusetts, when salesmen first began selling the Min/Max, the county PTA Council publicly warned parents to be on their guard. A salesman may imply, for example, that he has been sent around by Johnny's teacher—whose name he may have obtained, along with the names of Johnny's parents, in return for giving Johnny's school a free set of *The Book of Knowledge*. Even when tricks of this kind are not used, many educators object strongly to Grolier's methods on the reasonable ground that an encyclopedia salesman, who may just have switched from selling storm windows or secondhand cars, is poorly qualified to prescribe for a child's educational needs. The payoff has been substantial, however. Grolier has sold nearly 150,000 Min/Max machines, which are priced at a nominal twenty or twenty-five dollars, depending on the model, together with some four hundred thousand programs, priced at $7.50 to $15 each.

This record has understandably inspired other companies to try their luck at selling teaching machines for children to use at home. Field Enterprises Educational Corporation, which publishes the *World Book Encyclopedia,* is offering a combined teaching machine and family quiz game called the Cyclo-Teacher, and Crowell-Collier has been marketing, on a test basis, a Collier's Home Teaching Machine to be sold with *Collier's Encyclopedia*. One firm, the Univox Institute, is offering teaching machines through supermarkets and by mail. In observance of the

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old rule that the real money is in selling the blades, not the razor, Univox does not charge mail-order customers for its machine. Anyone who would like to try its "Fabulous New Teaching Machine Auto-Mated Speed Learning Method" is invited to send in $14.95 for a program in, say, grammar or spelling, with which the company will throw in free of charge a "personal leatherized UNIVOX teaching machine."

BUT WHILE the hard sell may put teaching machines into millions of homes, the vision of the automated classroom has faded considerably. One comparison after another has indicated that people learn many things just as well from a programmed text as from a machine, and may be able to learn them somewhat faster. The machine, to be sure, prevents cheating. "The student learns after a while that the bloody box means business," Crowder has said. But the importance of this feature of the machine, on which Skinner sees pretty much eye to eye with Crowder, has been thrown into question by research suggesting that students who peek at some answers may learn almost as much as those who don't.

This does not mean that the teaching machine is already obsolete. For one thing, programs printed on microfilm, and therefore requiring a machine for their display, may prove preferable in some circumstances to programmed textbooks simply because the latter tend to be so bulky. David Klaus and Arthur Lumsdaine of the American Institute for Research, after programming part of a course in high-school physics, estimated that a program covering a full year's work, in the format they were using, would have filled twenty-two *volumes* of three hundred pages each. (Thirty such programs, enough for an average-sized class, would have weighed more than a ton.) By contrast, they have pointed out, a program of this length could have been reproduced on fewer than four hundred feet of 16-millimeter film. Several companies, including Eastman Kodak and Graflex, are making teaching machines designed for microfilmed programs, but none that is both inexpensive and entirely satisfactory is yet on the market. If one should be developed that can be sold cheaply, programmed texts, except when published in very large editions, would lose their present economic advantage over programs reproduced on film.

There are circumstances, too, in which a machine can teach more efficiently than a text or can do what a text cannot do at all. Because machines can "talk," for example, they can give instructions to children who don't yet read. They are better suited than texts to teaching languages; the Center for Programed Instruction has been trying out a machine that poses questions in French both orally (via tape) and in writing, and that requires both spoken and written answers. The manipulative skills required by modern industrial technology can obviously be taught more efficiently by machines.

MANY PSYCHOLOGISTS (and many computer manufacturers) are entranced with the notion of using computers as teaching machines. At the University of Illinois, for example, students are invited to sit at a keyboard and type out answers to mathematical questions put to them by a computer with which the keyboard is linked. After making an answer, the student pushes a button labeled JUDGE, and the computer types out either OK or NO. A student who keeps getting NO can push a button labeled HELP, whereupon the computer will start him on a sequence of frames designed to clear up his confusion. A student whose confusion vanishes when he is part way through a HELP sequence can push an AHA! button, and the computer will obligingly give him another chance to answer the question that has been stumping him. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, the firm of Bolt, Baranek & Newman has rigged up a computer so that it will type, at appropriate junctures, remarks like "Good," "Poor," Dumkopf!" and "Thank you, the pleasure was all mine."

But even though a fairly brisk demand for teaching machines may eventually develop, most companies that have recently gone into the programmed-instruction business are turning out programs, not machines, and these will almost all be marketed as programmed texts. "The human animal is an excellent page-flipper," psychologist Charles W. Slack told a conference on programmed instruction sponsored by the American Management Association last summer. "If he can do it with a pencil and his fingers and his thumb and a sheet of paper, he should be given what he needs and no more." Dr. Slack directs research for TOR Education, Inc., designers of programmed courses for leading industrial corporations and government agencies.

The Learning Boom

Producers of programs and machines are offering their wares in a number of different markets. One of the most obvious is made up of people who study in their spare time. Programmed instruction may be of particular benefit to adult students in small communities. Lakewood, Ohio, for example, has an evening school for adults with so small an enrollment that in the past it has been unable to offer more than one mathematics course; this year, using programmed instruction, the school's only mathematics teacher, Paul McGarvey, has been able to offer four. Many companies are also eager to sell programs to adults who prefer to study at home.

Another and potentially even larger market for programmed instruction is private industry, which has been forced by rapid changes in technology to expand its training activities enormously in recent years. Corporations now spend perhaps as much as $2 billion a year to train their employees—for AT&T alone, the bill is well in excess of $75 million—and are likely to be spending a good deal more in the near future. Between now and 1975, according to one estimate, more than three million professional and technical jobs will have to be filled by people without college degrees, who will have to be given special training. In factories, the operation and maintenance of complex (and constantly changing) machine systems will obviously require a great deal of training; two MIT professors have speculated that as an employment standard for blue-collar workers, "'ability to learn' would gradually replace 'ability to do' the job."

The Bell Telephone Laboratories

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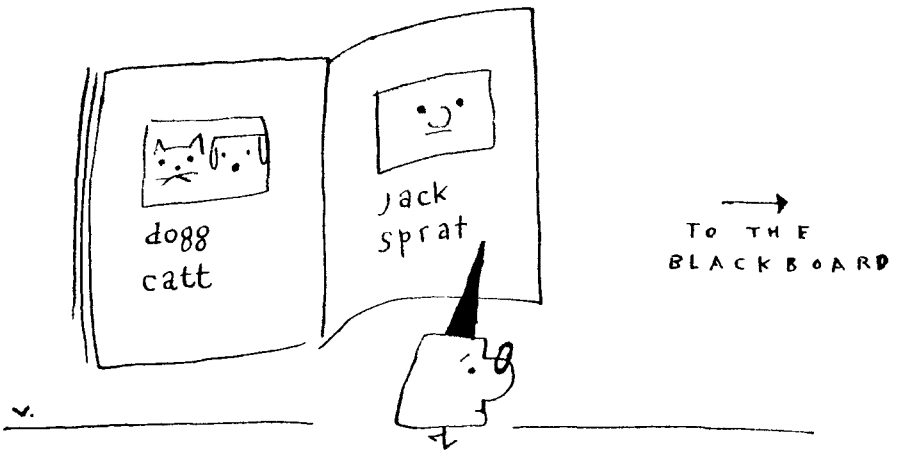
has programmed a standard course in basic electricity given throughout the Bell System, and has satisfied itself that employees who take the course in this form learn more—and six months later remember more of what they have learned—than those who get instruction in the conventional way. Programs are also being used experimentally to train some of the more than thirty thousand telephone operators whom the Bell System will hire this year. Eastman Kodak has used programs to teach, among other subjects, materials handling, sensitometry, and the use of the slide rule; the company recently reported that it had six people working full time as program writers, and fifteen to twenty others working part time. Salesmen in particular are getting heavy doses of programmed instruction, and one brochure hints intoxicatingly of a day to come when advertising men will be able "to treat the consumer as a student whose behavior can be predictably shaped." Programs are already being used to instruct customers, if not to sway them. Students who take IBM's course on the 7070 computer, for instance, are mostly employees of companies that are buying a 7070, and a Chicago casket manufacturer has used a sixteen-page programmed text to acquaint funeral directors with a new type of casket-sealing device.

The armed services have also shown a keen interest in programmed instruction, and there are many other fields in which programmed instruction may in time be widely used. It may be used, for example, in the new nations of Africa for training technicians and teachers, and for teaching people a second language. UNESCO has arranged for a group of educators from Nigeria, Gabon, and the Ivory Coast to spend three months in the United States early next year exploring these and similar possibilities with the Center for Programed Instruction.

BUT OVER the next five to ten years, American schools will almost certainly be the chief dispensers of programmed instruction, and it is on them that the new pedagogy will have its most significant impact. Up to now, the most ambitious effort to supply programmed courses



to schools has been made by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. After studying an experiment in programmed instruction being carried out in Roanoke, Virginia, the company assembled a crew of graduate mathematics students, gave them a cram course in linear programming, and put them to work writing a set of programs for virtually an entire high-school mathematics curriculum. In the 1960-1961 academic year, these programs were tried out in five school systems. They were not received with universal enthusiasm. One school in Illinois was so unhappy with the program that it called off the trial at mid-year. "Too bulky. . . . Too untidy. . . . Not easily available for review," a teacher wrote in an appraisal of the first-year algebra course. "Monotonous—same-looking pages, keeps running on forever." There were also some good notices, however, and even a few raves. "This technique is going to have a tremendous effect on education in this country," the superintendent of schools in Roanoke wrote. "Teachers will have more time to . . . help slow pupils, explore original ideas with bright pupils, and to do creative planning." Proudly quoting from testimonials such as this, the company put the programs on the market last summer, after making some revisions in them, at prices ranging from $7 to $16.75 each, and they are now being used by one or more classes in some six hundred school systems.

Apart from these programs, and a programmed text in grammar published by Harcourt under the title *English 2600*, schools have had little to choose from. But more than a hundred programs designed for use in schools and colleges are now on the market, and the number is rising fast. Grolier plans to program at least a portion of every subject usually taught in both elementary and high schools, and is mounting a big campaign to sell its programs to schools, which can buy them in programmed-text form as well as for use with the Min/Max. Encyclopaedia Britannica Films has already added programs in Spanish, German, and French, and will soon add Latin and Russian. Programs are also being written in physics, chemistry, spelling, and arithmetic. "We are obsoleting the textbook," a Britannica official proclaimed happily not long ago. "Programmed materials will penetrate the schools faster than any instructional materials since the slate and chalk."

PUBLISHERS of conventional textbooks, whose sales have just about tripled since 1946 and now are running at some $340 million a year, do not intend to leave such obsoleting to outsiders. Harcourt has sold more than 100,000 copies of *English 2600* (so called because it has 2,632 frames) and plans to have fifteen to twenty additional programmed texts on the market by next year. McGraw-Hill, Macmillan, and Holt, Rinehart & Winston are also publishing programs. (Many of these are relatively short units, requiring from five to fifteen hours' work each; Alden Clark, a Holt vice-president, points out that they will enable schools that are eager to try programmed instruction to do so in small doses and for a fairly modest investment.) Programmed textbooks in English and mathematics, written under Crowder's supervision, are

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being tried out by Doubleday in eighty school systems. Publishers are also bringing out programs for use in colleges. McGraw-Hill, for example, has published the Holland-Skinner psychology program and later this year will publish a program on statistical concepts in psychology and social sciences.

So far, publishers are offering programs only in text formats. But Prentice-Hall has made an agreement with Litton Industries to furnish programs on film slides and tape for use in Litton's teaching machines. And if machines designed for microfilm should come to be widely used, other publishers will doubtless offer their programs on film as well as in book form, or will license other companies to do so.

Where to Draw the Line

The prospect that programmed instruction will soon be administered regularly to tens of millions of school and college students dismays many people. They fear that education will become a process of grinding up subject matter into a kind of baby food and spooning it out to students who will never learn to eat for themselves. "To learn is not simply to 'respond to the world' but to 'interrogate reality,' to question data, and actively to create one's own picture of the universe," George F. Kneller, professor of educational philosophy at UCLA, told an audience of psychologists last September. He added: "If we seek exact responses and reward those who conform to the demands of the machine, we are likely to snuff out the precious spark of revolt that is necessary to healthy growth and creativity." A similar concern is reflected in predictions that teaching machines will turn America into a nation of robots.

There are good reasons, however, for taking a very much less gloomy view. For one thing, it is by no means established that programmed instruction necessarily stifles creativity. The Carnegie Corporation is hopefully supporting an effort to devise programs capable of "fostering the individual's capacity and readiness for creative thinking and problem solving." A number of such attempts are being made, and in fields such as mathematics they may well be successful. Another and more important reason for optimism is that no one, apart from a few overstimulated experimental psychologists, thinks that everything taught in schools can or should be taught by program. "Programmed instruction cannot teach the entire curriculum for the simple reason that it cannot educate a person," Kenneth Komoski of the Center for Programed Instruction has written. "We can instruct a pupil to spell, to punctuate, to use words properly. . . . However, no method of instruction can teach a person how to write or think creatively, for such things depend on far more subtle types of reinforcement than a program alone can provide."

Exactly where the line is to be drawn between what is programmable and what is not will have to be determined by experience. A program called *Poetry 230*, recently published in an experimental edition by Harcourt, indicates that it is feasible to write a program that will give a student certain useful ideas on how to go about reading poetry. On the other hand, when the American Institute for Research announces that it is preparing a program that will develop "the ability to differentiate between good and inferior art," it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the Institute is talking nonsense.

Teacher's Helper

Whatever area is to be assigned to programmed instruction, much of what is most important in education will certainly take place outside its boundaries. One of the values of programmed instruction is that it can teach certain things with great efficiency, and thereby may leave more time for students to read books, ask questions, challenge authority, and undertake intellectual expeditions on their own. How well this time is used depends largely on the teacher. Many teachers have been afraid that programmed instruction would eliminate them entirely from education, or at least relegate them, as Professor Kneller of UCLA has suggested, to "repairing . . . machines, greasing them, [and] adjusting their parts . . ." Anxiety on this score has not been allayed by promotion photographs showing students working away at machines while a teacher hovers about like a ghost.

Even in schools making the fullest possible use of programmed instruction, teachers will still be indispensable. The teacher will still be needed to interest students in learning. The teacher will also be needed, Komoski has said, to help the student "enlarge on, relate, and use what he has learned," and to help him "solve, seek, and state new problems." Moreover, although the phrase "teaching machine" suggests a dreary standardization of the teaching process, programmed instruction may in fact permit a teacher to focus less on the common needs of a group and more on the differing needs of its separate members.

At the Nutley, New Jersey, High School, for example, where the Britannica TEMAC text programs are being used in a first-year algebra class, the teacher, Max Kletter, spends most of his time holding individual conferences. While the rest of the class works on the programs, Kletter calls students up to his desk one at a time so that he can go over test papers with them. Students are also free to come to Kletter with questions, and if several ask the same question he may hold a special seminar for their benefit. Although this role offers little scope for pedagogical bravura, Kletter finds it very satisfying. "I feel I am teaching students instead of teaching classes," he told a visitor.

Programmed instruction is, naturally, of scant benefit if the programs used are no good. In a pamphlet recently put out as a guide for parents, the Center for Programed Instruction notes that "there are programs in existence which have not been able to teach anybody anything." Parents eager to supplement their children's schooling are the most likely victims of such programs, especially if they are vigorously promoted. It is hard even for a teacher or a school superintendent with no experience with programmed instruction to tell simply by inspection whether a program will yield good results.

There is some danger, indeed, of shoddy merchandise being palmed off on schools in such quantities that the whole idea of programmed in-

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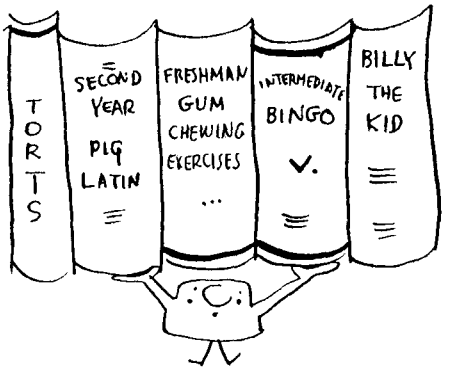
struction will be discredited. To reduce this risk, the Carnegie Corporation has made a grant to the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey, in an effort to set up standards for judging the quality of programs.

Assuming programs of good quality, programmed instruction clearly holds great promise for schools. Few teachers, for example, feel they are making the best use of their talents when they are standing at a blackboard trying to teach a roomful of children how to use commas and to diagram sentences. This year, to avoid this necessity, the four teachers who teach eighth-grade English at the Manhasset, Long Island, Junior High School assembled their students in a large room three times each week and put them to work on *English 2600*. The students were encouraged to go ahead as fast as they liked. After finishing the book and passing a final examination—as about a quarter of the eighth-graders had done by the middle of the school year—they were put in small classes given over entirely to composition. "The papers are a joy," one of the teachers remarked a few weeks ago. "So few red marks on them. We think we're teaching the kids more, and teaching it better." This opinion would seem to be borne out by the results of a general achievement test given at midyear: scores were just about like those made by eighth-graders at Manhasset in previous years, with the exception that this year's class scored significantly higher in English usage.

Programmed instruction may also be used to enlarge a school's curriculum. In Newton, Massachusetts, for instance, there is a plan to give special programmed instruction to the ATA (Academically Talented in Arithmetic) children and to start teaching French by machines and programs in the elementary grades.

Besides enabling schools to teach some things they could not teach at all otherwise, programmed instruction offers a means for teaching better what is being taught badly. As Eugene Galanter of the University of Pennsylvania, who has edited a book called *Automatic Teaching*, once observed, the teaching machine "is just—rewarding only when the child is right. It never scolds or gets angry at the child who is having difficulty. It is imperturbable and benign. It is wise (if the programmer is wise) and though it speaks softly, its accumulated knowledge is great."

Furthermore, programmed instruction should improve all instruction. Conventional textbooks, which have been getting more and more bad notices lately both from scholars and from schoolteachers, are likely to get better when they have to compete with programmed texts of demonstrated educational potency. More important, teachers who have written and tried out programs feel that their teaching has benefited, and some teachers'



colleges are now requiring students to write and try out programs as part of their in-service training. "As I look back on the few months of teaching with the idea of step-by-step programming in my head . . . ," a teacher in upstate New York has reported, "I realize that programming not only helps the kids learn but it helps me learn *how* the kids learn."

Probably the most significant aspect of programmed instruction is that it permits students to move at their own speed. More and more schools are grouping students by ability and assigning them to different "tracks." There are also a few ungraded schools, in which pupils are assigned to courses not by age but by ability to handle the work. Programmed instruction can allow even small schools to adapt their curricula in some degree to individual needs and abilities.

Although programmed instruction is sometimes seen as being of value chiefly to the bright student, freeing him to shoot ahead on his own, it is likely to benefit the slow learner even more. Innumerable experiments with programmed instruction have demonstrated that the student who is the last to finish a program may learn just as much from it as the student who finishes first. (Moreover, students with low IQs, given a certain minimum level of intelligence, often learn as much from programs as those with high IQs.) As an example of how this works in practice, Max Kletter of Nutley has pointed out that in a class of thirty-four students taking first-year algebra, he would normally give out, at the end of the first semester, some ten As and Bs, fifteen Cs, and nine or ten Ds and Es. This year, marking entirely on the basis of tests taken by the students on completing each of the work units into which the TEMAC programs are subdivided, he gave out fifteen As, twelve Bs, and seven Cs; there were no Ds or Es. "Some of these kids have never seen a B before in their lives," Kletter said recently. He went on to say that some of the slowest students, who had finished only a third or so of the course by mid-year while others were two-thirds of the way through, had consistently been getting 80s and 90s on their tests. "That's one of the most satisfying things that's happened," he said. "In a conventional course they might have been left behind by now." Getting left behind can be extremely damaging. "The effect of pressure to move beyond one's natural speed is cumulative," Skinner has observed. "The student who has not fully mastered a first lesson is less able to master a second." A child who is left behind too many times may give up and stop learning anything at all.

Teaching machines and programmed instruction obviously are not going to make every high-school student a candidate for MIT or Radcliffe. But they may help to reduce the appalling number of adolescents who drop out of school every year, and they may make more nearly attainable the goal of educating every child to the limit of his capacities. And that—surely everyone can agree—is the proper goal of schools in a democracy.

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The Communist Dread Of the Common Market

MADELEINE and MARVIN KALB

Moscow

THE RUSSIANS have now awakened to the challenge of the Common Market. But in the absence of a clearly defined and feasible economic response that would be acceptable throughout the Communist world, their initial response has been heavy on progaganda and light on substance, consisting largely of Marxist pep talks and bureaucratic pencil-pushing.

Premier Khrushchev has been barnstorming Eastern Europe in an effort to rally support for an emergency program of tighter economic integration among the member nations of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance, known popularly as Comecon. He has already visited Bulgaria and Romania, and he has scheduled trips to Hungary and Czechoslovakia later this year.

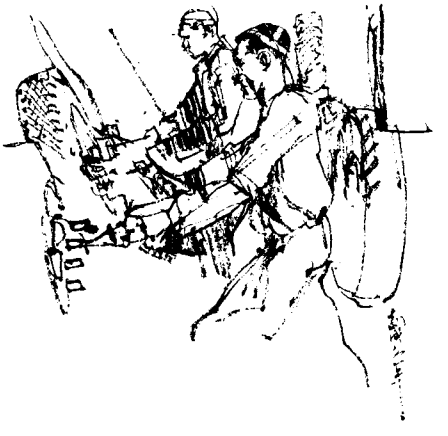
The Soviet leader first pressed his plan at a hastily convened summit session of Comecon early in June. He tried to convince the leaders of Eastern Europe in two days of hard talking in Moscow that tight integration, based on an over-all economic plan that would take advantage of local conditions, was Communism's best answer to the Common Market, which he attacked as an "unnatural association of monopoly capital."

The response thus far has not been very encouraging. Poland and Czechoslovakia have reportedly balked at Khrushchev's plan, explaining with trade charts and statistics that closer economic co-ordination with the Soviet Union, while ideologically appealing, would be economically unwise, since it would tend to cut them off from critical sources of manufactured goods and specialized equipment from Western Europe.

A similar effort to rally Communist forces against the Common Market has been made in the Communist-controlled World Federation of Trade Unions, with results that so far seem no less discouraging for the Russians. At a recent meeting of WFTU in Budapest, a lively argument erupted about whether the Common Market was really the "final and convulsive gasp" of capitalism, as maintained by *Pravda*, or whether it was a reality here to stay, as maintained by Fernando Santi, head of the Italian delegation. Santi disagreed with the Russians, insisting that a head-on fight against the Common Market would be hopeless. The argument was not resolved; it was merely postponed. The WFTU decided to call a special conference to discuss the consequences of the European Economic Community.

Could Marx Be Wrong?

Possibly no other single western phenomenon since the Marshall Plan has had so profound an impact on the Communist world as has the emergence of the Common Market. Not only from an economic but also from a political, military, ideological, and diplomatic viewpoint, this dynamic and prosperous association has jarred the Russians with an example of western economic vitality that defies Marxist scripture and coincides embarrassingly with a period of declining economic fortunes in the Communist world.



Until about a year ago, the Russians paid little public attention to the Common Market. There were occasional references to it in the Soviet press—all of them following the predictable Marxist analysis set forth in the 1961 program of the Soviet Communist Party: "The international state-monopoly organizations springing up under the motto of 'integration' are in reality new forms of the redivision of the world capitalist market and are becoming seats of acute strain and conflict." From time to time *Pravda* would delve gleefully into an analysis of the "bitter trade war" between the six nations of the Common Market (EEC) and the seven members of the European Free Trade Association (EFTA).

But this Marxist portrayal of two imperialist giants locked in desperate battle for shrinking markets proved to be convenient for Soviet propaganda only until July 31, 1961, when Prime Minister Macmillan made his historic announcement that Great Britain would seek membership in the Common Market. Soviet leaders realized that other EFTA nations were sure to follow Britain's lead, but they could not decide on a policy response until the key question of Britain's membership was resolved.

UNTIL THIS SPRING, Soviet policymakers ventured nothing more than propaganda clichés about the dire consequences of Common Market membership for any of the Outer Seven foolhardy enough to consider joining. When the British government opened negotiations, the Rus-

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sians charged: "For the sake of new profits, English monopolists are ready to sacrifice the freedom and sovereignty of the English people." When the Danish parliament followed Great Britain's lead, Moscow warned that joining the EEC would "arrest the further development of Danish industry," "lead to a sharp decrease in production and employment," and "gravely worsen the position of agriculture." When Norway's parliament approved a government plan to apply for EEC membership, *Pravda* called it a "black date in Norwegian history," the first step toward renouncing the independence and sovereignty of Norway. And when EFTA's three neutrals, Austria, Sweden, and Switzerland, began to show an interest in the Common Market, the Russians angrily denounced any form of association as a "renunciation of neutrality."

By mid-April, 1962, the Russians had apparently made up their minds that Britain would successfully negotiate her way into the Common Market—despite the hurdles of Commonwealth and EFTA responsibilities. This conviction touched off a major propaganda attack against the EEC. At a Kremlin celebration honoring Lenin's birthday, Leonid Ilychev, Moscow's top propagandist, ripped into the Common Market as the "economic arm of the aggressive militaristic NATO bloc." On May 22, 1962, *Trud*, the trade-union newspaper, devoted one of its four pages to a stinging denunciation of the EEC as a "Holy Alliance of the reactionary forces of Western Europe," dedicated to the "strengthening of capitalist exploitation and the political oppression of the workers." On May 23, *Pravda* ran a full page attack; and, finally, on May 30, Khrushchev joined the assault.

K's Nightmare

In a speech at a Soviet-Mali friendship meeting in the Kremlin, Khrushchev asserted that the "Common Market is a state monopoly agreement of the financial oligarchy of Western Europe which threatens the vital interests of all peoples and the cause of universal peace, inasmuch as the aggressive circles of imperialism use it with the object of strengthening NATO and stepping up the arms race."

He then suggested, for the first time, what the initial Soviet response was likely to be. He raised the old idea of setting up an international trade organization that would "embrace all regions and countries of the world without any discrimination," and a few days later he convoked the emergency meeting of Comecon to try to tighten the economic co-ordination of Eastern Europe.

Both proposals—one an old idea frequently rejected by the West, the other an economic plan that ran into immediate East European resistance—were clearly inadequate to meet the challenge of the Common Market. A resourceful politician who had always been able to produce an adequate response to almost any challenge, and who indeed had become accustomed to issuing challenges to the West, Khrushchev must have known that he had finally run up against his toughest opponent: an economic alliance that was inspiring a political union and increasing the military power of the western world. In other words, Khrushchev was watching, with fascination and alarm, the early development of a potential United States of Europe. If the image of one United States, five thousand miles away, had kept him awake nights, the image of another unitary power, sharing a common border with his East European empire, had a doubly disturbing impact.

As long as Western Europe was divided, the threat seemed remote. Now it has become one of the dominant themes of Soviet propaganda. Khrushchev stated outright that the Common Market was "spearheaded against the Soviet Union and the other socialist countries." "But," he blustered, "our countries have now become such a powerful force that no 'common market' is any danger to us."

A year ago, America's role in Common Market affairs was barely mentioned; now, Soviet policymakers have apparently decided that although America's economic position vis-à-vis the Common Market is "ambiguous," its political and military position is clear: it was the United States, they explain, that forced the Six and the Seven to attempt to come to terms in order to heal the breach in NATO, extend the Atlantic bloc, and step up the cold war and the armaments race. Indeed, the Russians see American policy as an attempt to extend the influence of the Common Market well beyond the boundaries of Europe, to "unite the competitive groups of capitalist countries into a single anti-Communist bloc." Specifically, they accuse President Kennedy of advocating a policy of "global integration, to embrace not only the NATO countries but the entire capitalist world."

These changes in the Soviet line suggested that Khrushchev was aware that the old Stalinist bogy of "capitalist encirclement," which his dynamic foreign policy and scientific triumphs had overshadowed, might be returning to haunt him in a more chilling form.

ONE familiar menace in the heart of this "new Europe" is an "old Germany," rapacious, aggressive, and militaristic. This is the Russian view, based on a historic and genuine fear. When the Russians talk about NATO, they think about West Germany—and, increasingly, of a Germany in a "Holy Alliance" with France. Even the rational argument that today the Soviet Union could wipe West Germany off the face of the globe in a matter of seconds cannot dispel the emotional and psychological judgment that Germany is still Russia's major threat—more so, in a strange way, than the United States. From the very beginning, the Russians have emphasized in their reporting about the EEC that West Germany dominates the economic union and hopes to exploit it for its own "revanchist" ends. "By peaceful means," *Pravda* charged in May, "the West German monopolies count on achieving ends that German militarism could not achieve during the Second World War."

Russia's obsession with West German control over the Common Market has been partially responsible for its fear that the neutrals of Europe would in time be "swallowed up" by the EEC. This is especially true of Austria, whose neutrality, unlike that of Sweden and Switzerland, has been imposed by the four-power State Treaty, and which is therefore particularly vulnerable to Soviet

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pressure. At the first sign of Austria's desire to become associated with the Common Market, in December of 1961, the Russians warned that they would regard Austrian participation in the EEC as a "renunciation of neutrality" and, as such, a violation of the State Treaty. They pointed out that even without a formal association, West German dominance in the Austrian economy was so great that association would lead to a "cold *Anschluss*"—in effect, the absorption of Austria by West Germany. In a broader warning, designed to appeal to Sweden and Switzerland as well as Austria, the Russians referred to the views of such western leaders as Chancellor Adenauer and U.S. Under Secretary of State George W. Ball about the importance of the political aspect of the Common Market. They charged that NATO would insist the three countries abandon their policy of neutrality as its price for economic association.

Just as the United States has a fear of nations "going Communist," the Soviet Union has now developed a fear of nations "going Common Market." The Russians have always recognized that Austria, Sweden, and Switzerland, despite their military neutrality, are western by tradition and culture. Permanent association with the Common Market would reinforce this western orientation through firmer economic and institutional ties, and at the same time would reduce the area of economic manuever open to the Soviet Union, thus limiting its potential influence in these countries.

Counterattack in Africa

This is true not only among Europe's neutrals but also among Africa's neutrals, fresh from centuries of European colonialism. For a time in 1960, when most of Africa suddenly found itself free, Russia's stock ran high. The Soviet Union had never been an imperialist power in Africa, and it peddled an anti-colonialist line that was attractive throughout the emerging continent. Ghana, Guinea, and Mali adopted a strong anti-colonialist foreign policy, which they described as "positive neutralism," and threw out the British and French technicians and businessmen who had made their economies run. The Russians saw an opportunity to step in and fill the gap. Their plans were long-range, based essentially on economic and technical aid, which would gradually penetrate the economy of these three countries until it became indispensable. They moved in with Soviet machinery, Soviet technicians, and Soviet-type institutions. The machines would need spare parts, which could be obtained only from Russia. Soviet-organized technical schools would continue to need Soviet teachers, textbooks, and equipment. Soviet-inspired state control over the economy would drive out lingering capitalist habits and establish an economic, institutional, and psychological framework that would reinforce existing ties with the Soviet Union. "Positive neutralism" would become "positive socialism."

In 1961, this pattern continued to work out well. President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana made a tour of the Soviet Union and joined Khrushchev in attacking the Common Market as the "greatest danger hanging over Africa." Khrushchev beamed, for his view coincided exactly with the Soviet line—that the Common Market's policy in Africa was an attempt to force the African states to remain mere suppliers of raw materials and importers of finished goods, and to prevent the development of local industry.

But by May, 1962, it had become clear that the Soviet formula simply did not fit the reality of Africa. One of the first signs appeared during the state visit of President Modibo Keita of Mali to Russia. Khrushchev knew that in spite of rejecting all ties with France, Mali, like the other former French colonies, had quietly held onto its associate membership in the EEC, and that in 1962 these states would have to decide whether they wished to continue this tie. During several days of hard negotiation, he tried to persuade the African nationalist to join him in an attack against the Common Market. Apparently he was unsuccessful, for at the Soviet-Mali friendship meeting that served as a forum for Khrushchev's denunciation of the Common Market, the Soviet leader was left embarrassingly alone in his attack. Keita denounced nothing more than colonialism. Khrushchev then read the Mali delegation a bitter lecture against association with the "imperialists." He carefully pointed out that Modibo Keita was the kind of patriot who would never permit such a thing to happen, but there was an implicit threat of political strings tied to all future Soviet aid to Africa. It was also apparent to everyone that Mali had no intention of cutting its ties with the Common Market, even if the U.S.S.R. were in a position to increase its aid, which because of domestic economic difficulties it is not.

At the same time, Nkrumah, who only a year before had condemned the Common Market, was now reported to be considering possible association with it. Attacks on neo-colonialism might be effective in political speeches, especially for the African politician out of office; but for the African leader in power, the hard economic fact of the price of cocoa had to come before the glamour of ideology.

However, for the Marxist in power, ideology cannot be taken lightly —a fact that makes the prosperity of the Common Market all the more irritating to the Russians. According to dogma, capitalism is dying, and yet it is flourishing. The Marxist scripture is being violated, and Moscow's ideologists have been hard pressed to come up with a reasonable explanation.

In Alice in Wonderland style, they

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sometimes try to belittle the rapid economic growth of the six EEC members, brushing it off as the result of "objective economic phenomena," such as the postwar renovation of industrial equipment. At other times, they resort to the nineteenth-century cliché about monopoly plots aimed at enriching the capitalists at the expense of the workers. These old-fashioned and essentially illogical explanations give some indication of the extremes to which Soviet propaganda has been pushed in its frantic effort to explain how the European Common Market can prosper when the book says it is supposed to be disintegrating.

Ironically, in the course of these elaborate explanations that nothing much is happening in Western Europe and that whatever is happening is bad, the Russians have published an extraordinary amount of information about the EEC—its aims, institutions, growth figures, trade statistics, labor conditions, etc.—information that does not square with the Russians' own propaganda line. The statistics documenting a thriving Western European economy are hard even for Nikita Khrushchev to ignore.

Comecon's Shortcomings

So far, Khrushchev's response has been almost irrelevant to the challenge. For the basic issue is whether Comecon can compete economically with the Common Market, and the indications are that it cannot. Comecon was set up in 1949 as a response to the Marshall Plan, a kind of consolation for Eastern European nations that would have preferred to get American economic aid but could not because of Stalin's disapproval. At that time, Russia could have organized Eastern Europe into a tight economic unit, but Stalin, always suspicious of foreigners and uncertain about his grip on the satellites following Yugoslavia's defection in 1948, did not seize this opportunity. The result was that Comecon developed as a very loosely organized international organization with none of the prerequisites for integration or prosperity that marked the development of the Common Market.

Trade agreements among the Comecon nations are bilateral barter arrangements; import and export accounts between any two Communist countries must balance exactly. One of the principal reasons for this rigid rule is that none of the East European currencies is convertible. A ruble in Warsaw is a worthless slip of paper. So is a zloty in Moscow. Capital does not flow freely even within each Communist country; investments are carefully and rigidly planned. The same is true of labor. Internal passports and labor books inhibit a worker's freedom of movement, even within his own country. Finally, some East European countries do not want to tighten their co-ordination with the Soviet Union for fear that it would damage their trade arrangements with Western Europe. They see no particular advantage in closer trade ties with the Soviet Union or with each other because the economies of the East European countries, unlike those of Western Europe, are not complementary. All of the East European economies have the same general structure, and they all suffer from the same basic problem. Sagging agricultural output has made it difficult for the Russians and their satellites to feed their own people and to provide the proper material incentives for farmers to want to increase their output. Indeed, the EEC boom comes at a time of economic crisis throughout the Communist world, reflected in the recent sharp increase in the retail price of meat and butter in the Soviet Union. Any major and meaningful response to the Common Market would cost money, and the Russians have now run up against the brutal fact that after forty-four years, their economy still has very little fat to absorb the additional cost of any major switch in policy or planning. For the first time since the war, the Soviet Union finds itself truly on the defensive.

THE FACT IS, the Khrushchev appeal for tighter integration of the East European economies was nothing more than an appeal for adopting the superstructure of the Common Market without having the substructure. For the Russians to try to adopt the substructure of the Common Market would constitute a revolution in every East European country—something no Communist leader would or could permit. And, short of a revolution that would make possible a radical overhaul of the agricultural system and an introduction of industrial efficiency, the Russians appear to be unable at the moment to come up with a feasible economic response to the challenge of the Common Market.

The Biggest Warship That Ever Was

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

ABOARD *USS Enterprise*

IN THE United States Navy, no ship name is more distinguished or durable than *Enterprise*. Eight ships of the fleet have borne it, from 1775 to 1962; and by their serial characteristics, they typify the stupendous evolution of the tools of maritime warfare in 187 years. Their costs also tell a meaningful story.

The Navy's first *Enterprise*, a tall-masted sloop, fought on Lake Champlain between 1775 and 1777 in a squadron commanded by Benedict Arnold. Her cost to us was nothing; she was captured from the British—or, more accurately, stolen.

Other *Enterprises* fought against the Barbary pirates, helped suppress the African slave trade, and served on patrol in the First World War. The seventh *Enterprise*, known with affection and pride as the "Big E," was our only aircraft carrier to serve unfailingly from Pearl Harbor to V-J Day, was for a time our only carrier in operation, and became the most famous and decorated ship in U.S. naval history. She was decommissioned in 1947. By a shipyard's

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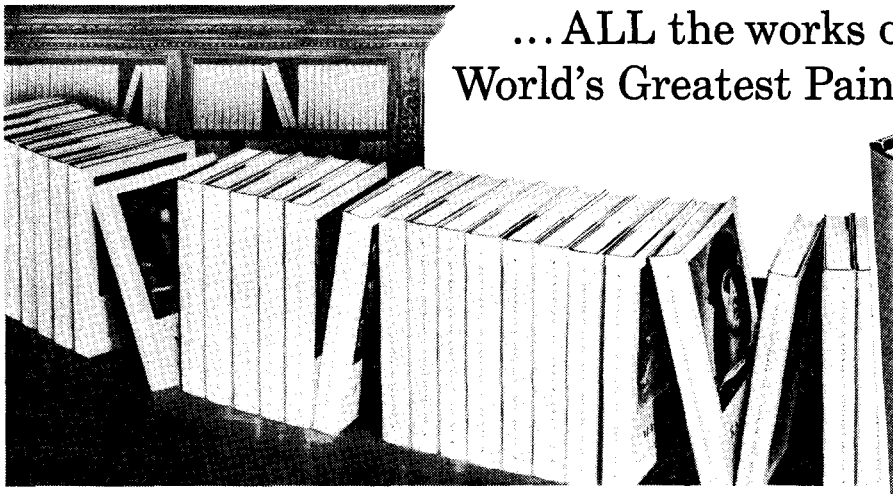

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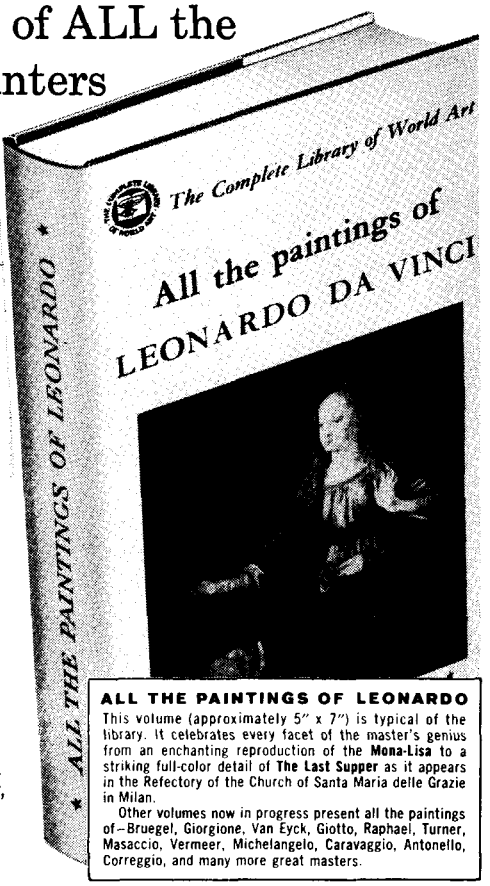

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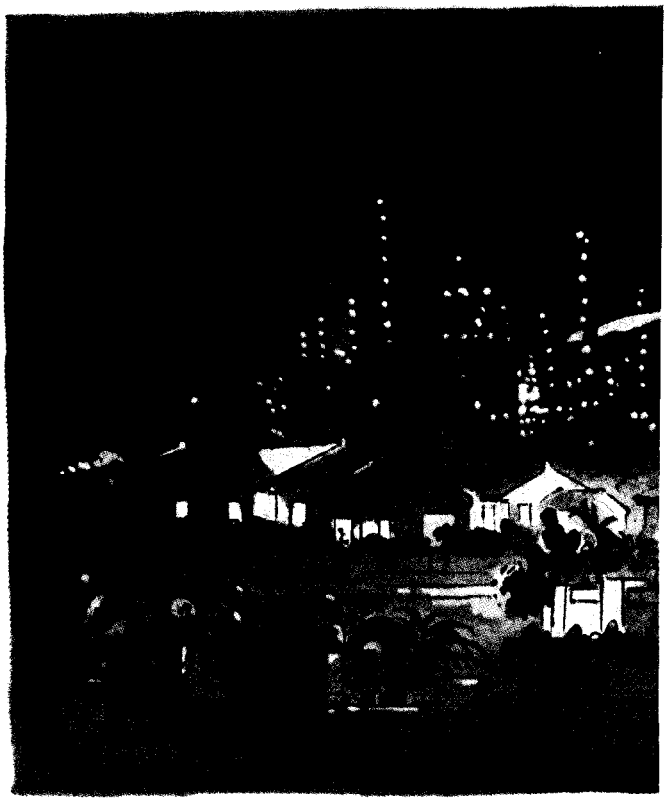
How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

They Built Their Own Prosperity

Aruba is a Caribbean island in the Netherlands Antilles. It was the home of about 10,000 people when Jersey Standard bought a small refinery there in 1932.



So our affiliate in Aruba organized a non-profit Home Building Foundation. Modern, comfortable houses were offered to the employees on low-interest terms.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (New Jersey)
and its affiliate
HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY

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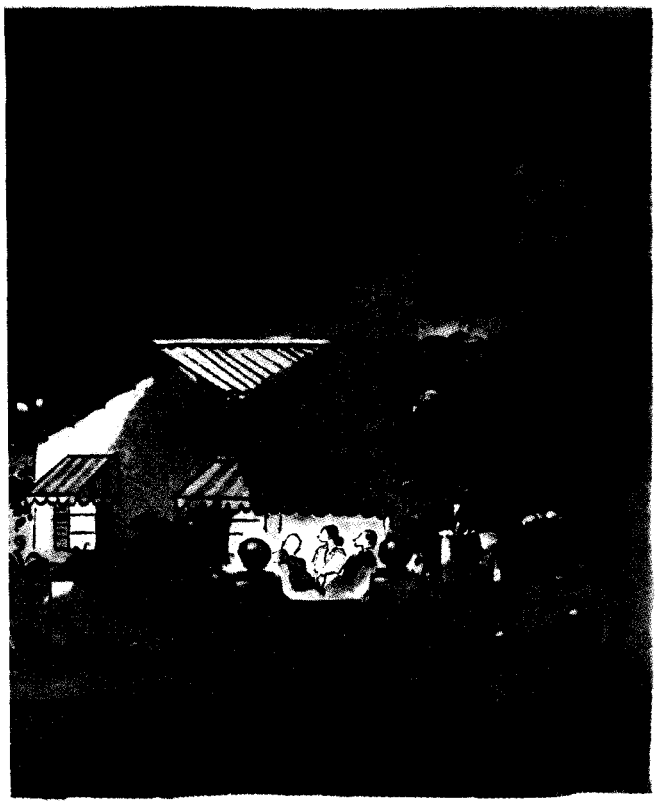
Economic life was limited: fishing, raising aloes, and occasional trade with neighboring islands and the mainland. Housing was scarce, and most of it . . .

was across the island from the refinery. By the late 1930's, expansion had doubled our labor force, and the need for new homes for workers became acute.



Hundreds of new homes were constructed, using local labor. The Aruban economy was stimulated, and when we turned the project over to independent builders . . .

a new construction industry, employing hundreds of skilled workers, was soon thriving. *Business, conducted with imagination, often produces unexpected benefits.*

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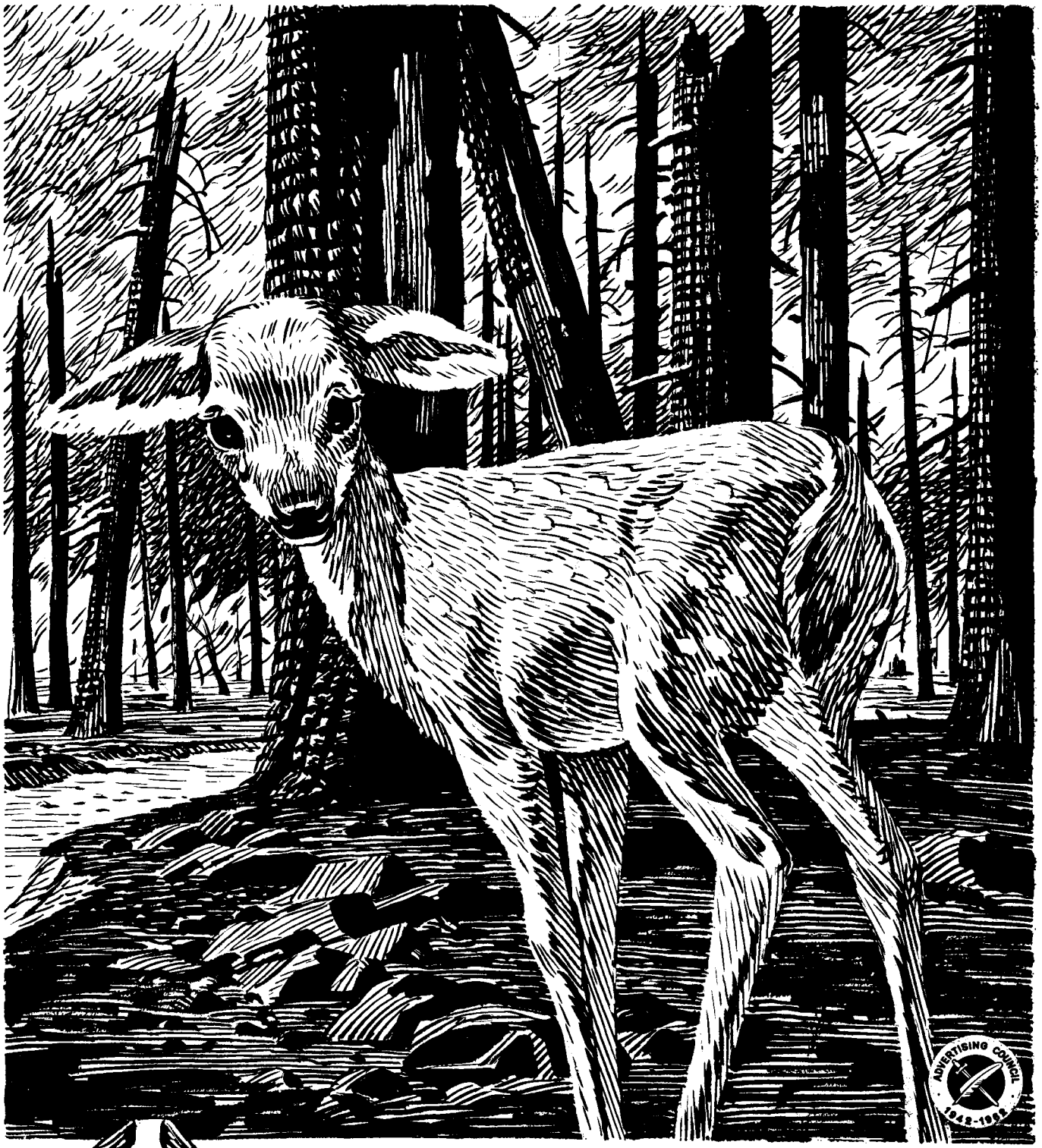

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sentimental whim and public relations sense, pieces of metal from the "Big E" were fashioned into suitable objects and sent to the 245 U.S. newspapers named *Enterprise*. Otherwise, No. 7 has disappeared.

The Biggest 'E'

The Navy's eighth *Enterprise*, commissioned last November 25 at Newport News, Virginia, and assigned to the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean, is something one can hardly believe without seeing. Even for one who served on the "Big E" in 1944 at the peak of her glory and who has sailed in a dozen carriers now and then over the last eighteen years, the newest *Enterprise* is a breath-taking achievement of military technology and naval architecture.

Enterprise No. 8 is the biggest warship ever built, anywhere, anytime—86,000 tons displacement. She is the longest—1,123 feet over all. She is the widest—252 feet, with a flight deck of 4½ acres. She is the fastest of the big ones; although her top speed is not in the public domain, it is over 40 miles an hour, not markedly greater than that of our newer oil-powered carriers.

Once all seven air squadrons are aboard (there are six now), the total complement of the *Enterprise* will be 4,600 officers and men—also a record. From keel to the mast above the island structure, she is as tall as a twenty-three-story building.

More important than these superlatives is the fact that this is the first nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. Her eight reactors, each two and a half times more powerful than that of a Polaris submarine, produce enough power to serve a city of two million people.

She carries, or will carry, more than a hundred aircraft—attack and fighter types. The largest of these, when combat-ready, weigh 78,000 pounds at take-off. They are launched by the largest steam catapults ever built from a standing start to a speed of 160 miles an hour in 250 feet. Every combat plane aboard has the capability of delivering an atom bomb.

The *Enterprise* is the first ship of the Navy to have elevators for personnel as well as aircraft. And if your stateroom should be eleven decks below the navigating bridge, as mine happens to be, you too would be grateful for this unmilitary but sensible supplement to ladders.

There are other superlatives and "firsts," such as a capacity for making eighty-eight thousand ice cubes a day—used wholly for nonintoxicating beverages. But only one more statistic need detain us. The *Enterprise* cost $444 million. This too is a record, and one that may slow down or stop the trend toward a "nuclear Navy."

THE *Enterprise* has impressive capabilities, some of them unique in heavy ships. She has gone through sea trials and a two-month shakedown cruise without any serious flaw appearing. She has an unprecedented top speed, and what is more important she can maintain it indefinitely. Since she does not require periodic refueling, she can be raced across an ocean to an emergency area and then be ready immediately for combat operations. (One set of uranium cores is expected to last one to three years.)

Unlike oil-burning carriers, the *Enterprise* has rapid acceleration from slow to full speed. You don't light off more boilers and gradually build up a greater steam supply. You just pull the throttle. This acceleration is valuable in flight operations and for evasive action. Her high speed makes her almost completely proof against submarine attack, and therefore able to operate without a screen of destroyers.

Into the *Enterprise* there is built an electronic data-processing system that edges close to push-button warfare. Based on vastly improved all-purpose radar and two digital computers, her Combat Information Center automatically keeps a plot of all surface and air targets plus friendly ships and planes, distinguishing them. This system automatically tallies the range, altitude (for planes), course, and speed of targets, takes account of all aircraft and missiles at our disposal, and corrects constantly for changes in relative locations, speeds, and courses of all these ships and planes, friendly and unfriendly. In seconds, it weighs all these factors and recommends what weapon or action to employ. All that remains to the captain or CIC officer is to give the word—the command function that could be but is not delegated to an electronic brain.

With a power plant using no oxygen, the *Enterprise* has no stack. She gives off no smoke that might help an enemy to spot her, and no stack gas, which sometimes handicaps pilots coming in from astern and, with its noxious chemicals, speeds the deterioration of aluminum surfaces. There is still another military plus: with no intakes for oxygen and no stack for exhaust smoke and gas, a nuclear vessel can be closed up much tighter than an oil-burning ship. This helps to meet the radiation hazard of a new and dangerous age.

At present, *Enterprise* carries some black oil for refueling destroyers. But operating alone or with nuclear frigates, she could devote that space and weight to aviation fuels and other stores, enabling her to conduct combat operations for long periods.

This is not our only nuclear-powered surface ship. The missile-firing heavy cruiser *Long Beach* is at sea. And the first of three authorized king-size nuclear frigates, the *Bainbridge*, will join the fleet next year, while the third is in the fiscal 1963 budget. The aggregate cost of the five ships will be around $1.15 billion. These atomic-powered ships may or may not be used together as a distinct nuclear task force. But their joint employment would have advantages, for all will have high tactical speed and acceleration, all will be highly maneuverable, and all will be able to operate for prolonged periods without replenishment.

With or without these nuclear-powered escorts and the anti-aircraft and anti-submarine protection they provide, the *Enterprise* should have an extraordinary value in a limited war. That is because of her speed in reaching the area of an emergency, her readiness for battle on arrival, her ability to operate without auxiliaries (which are slow and vulnerable), and her capacity for sustained operations. Other carriers really need to be used in pairs, so combat operations can continue while one or the other retires to replenish.

Price vs. Performance

The *Enterprise* therefore can already be counted as fully successful and extremely valuable. She is far and

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away the most valuable ship in the fleet. Yet it seems probable, at this stage of nuclear technology anyway, that after the three frigates no more nuclear-powered surface ships will be laid down for quite some years. There are three primary reasons why the *Enterprise* may be not only the first nuclear carrier but also the last, at least for a decade or two.

The first reason is economic. Every weapons system must be weighed objectively, with its capabilities balanced against its cost. And it costs one quarter to one third more—perhaps $140 million—to build a big nuclear carrier than one powered by oil. Nor is this the entire bill. Uranium is not a cheap fuel, at least not yet. The eight uranium cores that fuel the *Enterprise* cost $30 million. At full power, these will drive her 140,000 miles. At twenty knots (23 mph), they will last 400,000 miles. Any cost comparison of nuclear fuel with oil is likely to be misleading, since nobody knows how much use will be made of the ability of the *Enterprise* to make long runs at or near full power. In any case, however, nuclear power is a military asset but is not an economy.

Price tags are important. At present the Navy shares with the Army about one half the defense budget, with the rest going to the Air Force. If a premium of thirty to fifty per cent is paid for nuclear power, the Navy will get some superior performance characteristics but fewer new ships.

The second reason is technical. Nuclear power simply does not pay the dividends in surface ships that it does in submarines, where reactors are the only sensible power source for the future. A nuclear submarine, shaped like a fish, weighing the same per cubic foot as water, can attain greater speeds underwater than on the surface. It can remain submerged indefinitely and can carry out its mission in total secrecy.

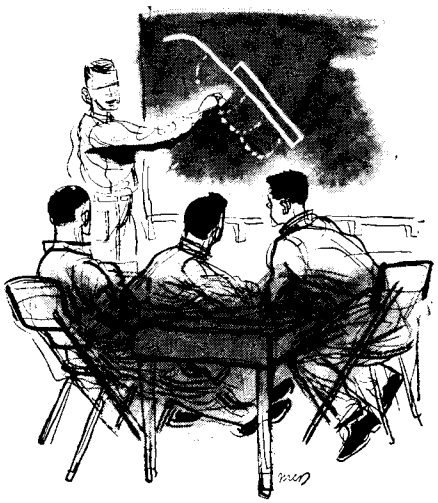
THE nuclear submarine is the first authentic sumbarine, for the Diesel sub has to operate on the surface most of a twenty-four-hour day to get oxygen for its engines and so recharge its batteries. It cannot run at full power submerged more than a few hours. In short, a nuclear sub is a wholly different creature from a Diesel, as a fish is different from a whale. It is worth whatever it costs, because it will do so much that a Diesel-electric sub can't.

A surface ship, unlike a fish, creates a bow wave—an awkward, unnatural phenomenon that causes ever higher resistance at higher speeds. (Water transportation is relatively cheap if speed is not an object, but expensive when high speed is required.) Consequently, a surface ship fails to collect most of the dividends to be had from nuclear power, by comparison with a submarine.

To put it another way, a submarine gains enormously in vital military characteristics by a propulsion system that does not demand an oxygen supply. A surface ship, largely surrounded by oxygen and also making a bow wave, picks up no equivalent benefit.

The Future of Carriers

The third reason for the prospective lull in building nuclear surface ships is strategic. We are well into the missile age; and the manned aircraft (despite its vocal advocates in Con-



gress) is being shoved back into a secondary role, at least for use against strategic targets. The long-range bomber is being supplanted by the ICBM, the IRBM, and the FBM (the fleet ballistic missile, or Polaris). By the same inexorable logic of military technology, the aircraft carrier is being downgraded—even while bigger and finer ones are being built—to a more strictly tactical role for all-out war.

This was clearly suggested by Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara in recent testimony before the Senate Armed Services Committee. The main use of attack carriers will be in limited war. That means establishing tactical air superiority in certain combat areas, supporting landing forces, and striking tactical targets rather than the centers of power deep in an enemy's territory.

Even if we envision carrier groups as striking forces to slug it out in nuclear war, the day in, day out thrust of strikes against the enemy can be done just about as well, and much more cheaply, by oil-burning carriers. And for the price of two nuclear carriers, the Navy can have three conventional carriers of roughly equal capability—without even taking account of operating costs. Currently, we have sixteen attack carriers in active commission. As long as that many are considered necessary, the gross capital cost of a nuclear fleet would be enormous.

TO SUM UP, nuclear-powered naval ships are better tools of war in every way than oil-powered, but in the case of surface ships they are not enough better to justify their higher cost, at least in the present state of reactor technology. Conceivably, a breakthrough in reactor design may so lower the cost of nuclear propulsion as to make the atomic-powered surface ship a much more economical engine of war (and even of commerce) than it is today. In that event, the Navy would have a green light to proceed with the gradual changeover to a nuclear fleet. But the odds are against such a technological leap.

As things look now, we shall proceed with our Polaris-firing submarine fleet, advancing from the eight boats now in commission to an indicated total of forty-one. These form a retaliatory weapons system deriving the utmost benefit from the nuclear reactor, the ballistic missile, and the nuclear warhead in combination. We shall also continue building other nuclear submarines, to replace obsolete Diesel-electrics. But for the present we shall have to be content with a single spectacularly competent nuclear carrier, with the happy and memorable name *Enterprise*. By good fortune, she has unique characteristics that enable her to operate efficiently by herself.

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De Gaulle's View of Europe And the Nuclear Debate

ANDRÉ FONTAINE

PARIS

THE DISAGREEMENT about Europe's future runs very deep. At present President de Gaulle finds himself at odds with many politicians in his own country, with almost all members of the Atlantic Alliance, and especially with the United States. Moreover, the debate affects not only France's role in Europe but Europe's role in the alliance and in the world at large.

Although much of the strife has been the result of misunderstanding, two basic positions may be described clearly. The integrationists, of whom Paul-Henri Spaak is chief spokesman, seek to link the U.S. ever more closely to a federation in which the member nations will surrender increasing amounts of their own sovereignty to supranational institutions. De Gaulle, on the other hand, envisages a Europe of closely co-operating but distinctly sovereign states that can function as a counterweight to American power in the western alliance until the Communist threat is eliminated by what he considers to be an inevitable evolution within the Soviet régime and the no less inevitable development of a Russian-Chinese conflict. When that day arrives, as de Gaulle sees it, Europe can take its natural place in the world as a third force—in his memoirs he uses the word "arbiter"—between the two great empires of modern times.

The French government's determination to acquire a deterrent nuclear force of its own adds drama to the controversy, the more so since President Kennedy seems in no hurry whatever to implement the Norstad-Herter plan for an Atlantic atomic force that was so much talked about during the Presidential campaign. Indeed, he seems determined to maintain his own nation's control over nuclear weapons and to prevent, as far as possible, their dispersal in other hands.

This refusal will not stop France from creating its own nuclear force; it will only cause a more or less slight delay and compel France to spend huge sums that might be better employed for other purposes. The money could, for example, be spent on strengthening France's conventional armaments—which is precisely what the Pentagon experts claim they want since greater French power would raise the threshold of nuclear war by increasing the West's capacity to react to conventional Russian pressures. In any event, the White House would be making a great mistake to assume that any post-de Gaulle French government could conceivably consent to scrap a weapons system acquired through French technical achievement and great financial sacrifice. After all, it was not the Fifth but the Fourth Republic that initiated France's atomic armament.

Under the circumstances, any foreign pressures to force France to give up its plans will surely fail. The present stalemate on this issue must be broken. If it continues, it will bring a deterioration in the climate of the Atlantic Alliance as a whole. But it can be broken only if both sides are willing to make concessions.

Grounds for Agreement

At this point we must begin to ask how great the disagreement actually is. It was President Kennedy, after all, who spoke of "equal partnership." De Gaulle wishes to strengthen Europe. And Britain has decided to join the Continent. These three elements can certainly be helpful in the search for a resolution of the present difficulties. For there can be no "equal partnership" if Europe too does not possess that essential attribute of sovereignty which seems to be provided in our days by nuclear weapons. And there can be no Europe if one of its nation members, Britain, intends to maintain a special relationship with the United States, and if another, France, in the day of the intercontinental missile, insists on building up a strictly national defense system. But it should not be impossible to conceive of a united Europe, closely associated with the United States and possessing a nuclear arsenal of its own which would be linked to the American arsenal as part of a common strategic whole but which could be used if necessity arose without prior and specific American agreement.

There can be no assurance, of course, that de Gaulle is prepared to consider such a formula. But to a man who wants to guarantee European security and make Europe a full partner in the western alliance, such an arrangement should certainly seem preferable to the position of an American satellite—which President Kennedy, in fact if not in intention, seems to be asking de Gaulle to accept. Even those European leaders who are most favorable to American policy would feel reassured by such an additional guarantee. For who can be sure that in an hour of peril, perhaps ten or twenty years from now, a President of the United States would immediately risk having New York or Chicago destroyed

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in order to save Hamburg or Copenhagen? This prospect is very disturbing to European leaders, who realize that their continent has grown so small that no single nation could hope to buy peace by sacrificing its neighbor.

Many people in France fear that bringing this problem into the open might start another American uproar to "bring the boys home." Yet they agree that the alliance would be much healthier if Europe could conduct its dialogue with the United States on equal terms rather than as a cluster of more or less rival nations. This is obviously what Foreign Minister Couve de Murville had in mind when he said on his CBS television interview of May 31: "The aim of the French government is to make Europe, within NATO, a powerful ally of the United States."

THERE IS A DANGER that the controversy over Europe's future political structure and France's atomic force may obscure the essential fact of France's faithfulness to the cause of the West. De Gaulle, it is true, has no intention of letting himself be hamstrung by the alliance. To put it in the mildest terms, he refuses to accept American leadership automatically, believing as he does that power and political wisdom do not necessarily go together. He considers the Geneva disarmament conference useless if not dangerous, and he is unable to see why France should join what he calls a "chorus of old men" simply to "moan a little" with them over what everyone agrees will lead to nothing. Although agreeing with the plan to establish a neutral Laos, he was not particularly pleased that the American government neglected to consult him before sending Marines into Thailand, and he refused to endorse the American action by sending even a token force. He openly expresses his contempt for the United Nations and still believes in traditional diplomacy based on spheres of influence. For this reason he was not pleased when the United States firmly supported the United Nations action in the Congo and a U.S. ambassador personally intervened to try to bring Adoula and Tshombe to an agreement—and he made his displeasure quite evident. Finally, there is Berlin: again and again de Gaulle has made his stand clear and warned against making any concessions, convinced that any retreat would only encourage Khrushchev to make further demands and force West Germany to turn to the East after having lost confidence in the West.

Yet even these differences, it should be recognized, are relatively minor. They seem disproportionately large because of de Gaulle's habit of saying—often in very sharp terms—exactly what he thinks. Sometimes an ill-timed remark of his will smash the crockery that his own diplomats have been patiently trying to glue together. When this happens, it is often too late to save the situation. Yet if we look at the facts and the facts alone, it can be seen that, although de Gaulle has insisted that the negotiations must be called "contacts," he has not actually sought to prevent the United States from negotiating with the Soviets over Berlin. He made this clear in his May 15 press conference: "Fully aware that the burden of the United States within the total framework of defense armament is by far the heaviest of all the western powers . . . aware that in the event of a conflict it is the United States that would have to assume probably not the greatest risk but in any event the greatest effort, France cannot object to the United States making use, as it wishes, of its diplomatic means."

A Calmer View

This should reassure those in London or in Moscow who accuse the Fifth Republic of seeking to provoke the failure of American-Soviet negotiations in order to separate West Germany from the United States and show the Germans that France can best protect them against the threat of a new Yalta. The fact is that de Gaulle's position is not as far away from that of President Kennedy as many have supposed. After all, de Gaulle's insistence on the need to accept the present realities of Europe would seem to imply that he too recognizes, as *de facto* if not *de jure*, both the Oder-Neisse frontier between East Germany and Poland—as he alone among the statesmen of the West has publicly admitted—and also the division of Germany and the existence of the German Democratic Republic.

A good deal of the present misunderstanding sprang from the Rusk-Gromyko conversations last October. At that time the Secretary of State's allusions to a possibility of "disengagement" in Eastern Europe were noted with misgivings in Paris. Later, de Gaulle was further perturbed by all the comings and goings across the Atlantic of Soviet and American personalities, by Khrushchev's son-in-law lunching at Glen Ora, and above all by Mr. Kennedy's natural tendency to talk directly with Moscow without first consulting older men whose view of life was formed at the time of the First World War.

IN ANY CASE, one should never forget that if de Gaulle occasionally takes an independent course, it is because he feels the western alliance is not tough enough in its resistance to the Soviets, not because he plans to betray it in the slightest degree in exchange for better relations with Moscow. He did not hesitate to demand that the Russians recall their ambassador when they recognized the Algerian Provisional Government just after the Algerians themselves, by signing the Evian armistice accord, had agreed to respect France's sovereignty in Algeria until after the July 1 referendum. And French Communist opposition to his government has never been more active.

Now that he has obtained a settlement in Algeria, de Gaulle calls for a stronger France, a stronger Europe, a stronger alliance. Unless I am mistaken, President Kennedy has these same goals. It would be sad indeed if the two men could not come to understand each other.

But perhaps we should not let the problem trouble us too much. For Khrushchev will either continue to keep quiet, in which case the disagreements among the allies are relatively unimportant, or else he will try to exploit those disagreements, in Berlin and elsewhere. If he chooses the latter course, then what has always taken place under similar circumstances will take place again: the allies will rediscover their unity. We should not forget that if it had not been for Stalin, there would never have been an Atlantic Alliance.

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Boss Pollack: 'He Can't Be There But He Is'

J. ANTHONY LUKAS

BALTIMORE

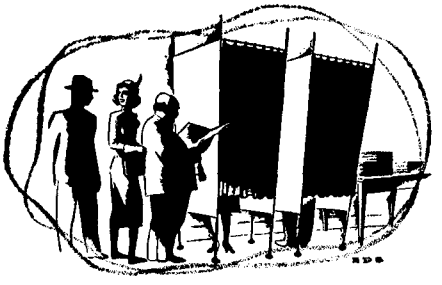
"I AM with the people," declared James H. (Jack) Pollack as he surveyed 2,500 Baltimoreans jamming the ballroom of the Emerson Hotel. "The people have spoken. Action speaks louder than words. And when the people have spoken I have spoken. The die is cast. Let the chips fall where they may."

The chips had fallen in what Pollack's followers had described as Baltimore's biggest political convention since the Democrats nominated Wilson in 1912. The first and only ballot in this year's April convention gave 2,083 votes for George P. Mahoney, perennial candidate for governor, and 182 votes for Governor J. Millard Tawes. And now Pollack, whom an earlier speaker had hailed as the greatest political leader of twentieth-century Maryland, announced that his organization would support Mr. Mahoney in the May 15 primary. This, he announced, was "democracy in action."

The next day Pollack's critics had a different interpretation of the rally he called a convention. They noted that Pollack's "people" were his most reliable ward and precinct workers, most of whom would get twenty dollars for their services on primary day. They recalled that word had circulated three days earlier that Jack was "taking Mahoney." And they recalled that one precinct leader had been observed marking a big batch of ballots for Mahoney and stuffing them in the box. A newspaper commented that Pollack had at last invented "the bigger and better smoke-filled room, ballroom-size."

Few big-city bosses in the country today could have assembled so many willing extras for such a show and then dared picture it all as an overgrown New England town meeting. Crump, Hague, Curley, even Arvey and De Sapio have all heard their last hurrahs. But Pollack has held on tenaciously. To one of his former associates, meeting Pollack seemed like "taking a stroll through the woods and suddenly coming face to face with a dinosaur; your reason tells you it can't be, but there he is."

But if Pollack is a dinosaur he doesn't know he's extinct. Never a city-wide boss, he has shrewdly exploited his hold on two Jewish-Negro districts in west and northwest Baltimore. In return for supplying votes there, he has demanded strategic positions at City Hall and the State House to augment his influence further. But this year Pollack was making perhaps his boldest bid to expand, not only into the governor's office (where he has had influence before) but into all corners



of the city, including the courts and the prosecutor's office. To Baltimoreans who had watched his climb over thirty-odd years, Pollack seemed to have reached the crest of his audacity and power during those ceremonies in the Emerson Hotel. For the next five weeks they would watch in fascination as that very audacity speeded him toward the brink of political oblivion.

A Little Tin Box

Ten days before the May 15 primary, Pollack summoned the press to the Emerson Hotel. He produced photostats of an agreement dated December 3, 1957, apparently bearing his and Governor Tawes's signatures. The agreement specified who should get each of the two keys to a safe-deposit box in case either of them should die. Pollack said the box had contained $50,000 to be used for campaign expenses in the 1958 primary, in which Pollack had supported the governor. He said the money also served as "a guarantee" that the governor would "produce" on certain promises.

To explain, Pollack flicked on a tape recorder and played a tape that went, in part, like this:

POLLACK: "Look, let me ask you something. I want to give you some money for your campaign. About these appointments you are going to give me, like these appointments that I'm supposed to get. Like the chief judge and . . ."

TAWES (voice identified by Pollack): "I've got all that down in my safe-deposit box. Yes sir."

POLLACK: "Three judges plus the chief judge of the Traffic Court and chief judge of the police station house and the other appointments."

TAWES: "Well, whatever we had . . ."

POLLACK: "Whatever we had on that slip of paper."

TAWES: "Yes, sir; yes, sir."

POLLACK: "So that's understood."

TAWES: "Oh, absolutely."

POLLACK: "Now look, I'm giving you $5,000 toward your contribution. I'm giving you the gift personal . . ."

TAWES: "You're a scholar and a gentleman."

A few hours later, the governor was saying less kindly things about Pollack. While heatedly denying the tape's authenticity, he admitted having dealt with Pollack in the past, but said he had learned his lesson.

In the days remaining before the primary, Pollack and his past, present, and future relations with the candidates emerged as *the* issue of the campaign. And when the election returns were in, Pollack had sustained the most stunning setback of his career. Governor Tawes crushed Mahoney by a 7-5 margin. Most important, Pollack lost the key state senator in his home Fourth District and all but one of his delegates in the neighboring Fifth. Moreover, the official canvass disclosed widespread "irregularities" in the handling of absentee ballots from the Fourth District, which a grand jury is investigating.

Most election post-mortems focused on the tape recording. Pol-

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lack's strategy had clearly boomeranged. Trying to remove the tar of "boss control" from Mahoney and throw it on the governor, he had succeeded only in blackening his candidate even more. As one letter to the editor remarked, "Only an idiot would believe that Mr. Mahoney is paying less for Mr. Pollack's influence than did Governor Tawes." Others agreed that the master's judgment was slipping.

Jack Pollack was born sixty-two years ago of Polish-Jewish immigrants on Baltimore's east side. At fifteen he was an orphan. Thrown on his own, he became a tough street fighter, and his skill soon caught the eye of a boxing promoter. For four years he barnstormed the country as a light heavyweight. Though known as "a hell of a puncher," Pollack retired from the ring in the early 1920's because of bad eyes. But he soon found a demand for his talents in the rough prohibition era. Within the next seven years his activities brought him into frequent conflict with the police and Treasury agents. At one point he was indicted for murder of a watchman in a liquor-hijacking incident. The prosecutor never brought the case to trial, on the ground that there was not enough evidence. Pollack's police records have mysteriously disappeared from both the city courts and the library of the Baltimore *Sun*. But in 1941 a Federal court decision noted that his name appeared on the police blotter fifty-four times (many of them for traffic violations).

Uncle Willy's Protégé

It was only a short step from these activities to the rough precinct politics of east Baltimore. Pollack was hired as a precinct worker by William (Uncle Willy) Curran, then the city's Democratic boss. One of his first tasks was to tear down posters put up by Curran's opponents. In 1928 Pollack joined the Jewish migration from the east side to the rapidly growing northwest area, where Curran made him a district leader.

Pollack built his machine in the standard fashion. He put a ton of coal in one family's basement, got another's assessment reduced, and found jobs for others. But he had a special appeal as Baltimore's first Jewish boss in the then predominantly Jewish Fourth District. Before many years, Pollack broke with Curran and set himself up as an independent power in the district. His pitch was simple: Curran wouldn't take care of the Jews, but he would.

Fifty Guys Were Sweating

Pollack has generally picked able men to serve in both the city council and the state legisature. But many of his best men have now broken away. One of his chief lieutenants for many years has said, "Pollack lets you vote your conscience about eighty per cent of the time. But, oh that other twenty per cent!"

"Pollack has no philosophy of government," according to another former associate. "He's a merchant in politics. He'll deliver the votes if you pay the price. The trouble is, the price keeps getting bigger and bigger as Pollack gets greedier and greedier."

His growing demand for patronage has brought him into repeated conflict with those he has supported. He has frequently accused mayors and governors of "double-crossing" him by not coming through with promised jobs. The cash guarantee in a safe-deposit box is one of his favorite techniques for assuring a *quid pro quo*. He also seems to be fond of tape recordings and photostats. "He's got a record of some sort on every deal he's ever made," one man who broke with him has said. "You can bet that when he played that tape on Tawes fifty other guys in the state were sweating. It was mass blackmail!"

His break with Governor Tawes stemmed from what Pollack regarded as a double cross. In 1959 the governor gave Pollack and his ally, Baltimore's former Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro, eleven out of fourteen key city jobs. But the public clamor forced Tawes to cut down sharply on Pollack's patronage, then and for the next three years. The sharpest cut of all was the governor's refusal to name Pollack's son-in-law as chief judge of Baltimore's new municipal court. Pollack has since installed his son-in-law as a state senator, but he has never forgiven Tawes. He quickly retaliated by trying to force two of the governor's key pieces of legislation to referendum by petition, carting the petitions to Annapolis in an armored car. It was later testified that Pollack offered seven cents for each signature.

Few people understand why Pollack has gone to such lengths to get his son-in-law on the bench. But some who know him well insist this is the tipoff to what drives the man. Despite his craving for power and money (he is said to be a millionaire several times over), they say Pollack really wants respectability—or at least the appearance of respectability. His barrel chest is usually draped in white-on-white linen and his ghostwritten political rhetoric is adorned by quotations from Shakespeare and Wordsworth. A newspaperman who knows him well has said, "He's always tried to live down the reputation of his youth. For a man who has been in trouble with the law nothing has quite the dignity of the bench. He feels that if he can make his son-in-law a judge, it will somehow show the world he can't have been all that bad."

IF THIS interpretation is correct, then Pollack's recent heavy-handedness may be explained partly by panic. For he is shrewd enough to see that the basis of his power to make a judge or anything else is ebbing. Although he has fielded integrated tickets for several years, he must have suspected that sooner or later the new Negro majority in the Fourth District was bound to do to him what he did to Curran. And as the new Negro machine forced him out of the Fourth District, Pollack faced other difficulties in trying to keep his hold on the Jews who have been moving into the adjoining Fifth. Suburban business and professional people there have been less responsive to the old pitch, and a new, relatively more sophisticated Jewish machine has been operating in the shadows while Pollack's moves have been caught in the spotlight.

While many Baltimoreans are already counting "Big Jack" out, veteran politicians are not so sure. They warn that the old boxer has been on the canvas before but has always bounced back. "Everybody knows he's dead but Jack; he ain't heard the bad news yet."

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A Timely Tale Of Trading Stamps

Or, If You Can't Lick 'Em, Enjoin 'Em

ELAINE KENDALL

EARLY in 1962, a man named Theodore Berkeley of Utica, New York, went to jail. As the gates shut behind him, Mr. Berkeley said, "I am going to jail for the American housewife. My crime used to be called free enterprise." This statement was more quotable than accurate; Mr. Berkeley's crime used to be called contempt of court, and it still is.

Mr. Berkeley ran a clearinghouse for trading stamps, and in so doing, he delivered the American housewife from bondage to any particular supermarket. He went to jail because he continued to operate the free enterprise he believed in even after he had been ordered to cease and desist. As long as he flourished, people were free to shop wherever the weekend specials happened to be most attractive. Kindly Mr. Berkeley would take old stamps for new, and make half books whole. Gold Bond Stamps, Green Stamps, Top Value Stamps—all were grist to the Berkeley mill. Although his fee for swapping stamps was high—ten cents per sixty stamps—his service was unique. Dissatisfied patrons were rare. It was just that Sperry & Hutchinson (Green Stamps) felt that Mr. Berkeley should be, in a manner of speaking, stamped out, and as the largest trading-stamp company they were the logical people to do the job.

Mr. Berkeley had neglected to acquire a franchise to deal in S&H Green Stamps, and that was his undoing. S&H obtained an injunction in the New York State Supreme Court against his business on the ground that allowing stamps to be "cleared" could devalue them. If this sort of thing were permitted to go unchecked, the stamp firm's brief argued, it would "lose control of the valuation of its stamps, for those who dealt in them could run their value up or down by pricing them at whatever the traffic would bear." Not only that, but the last thing in the world that S&H Green Stamps wants is for the housewife to be delivered out of bondage to the distributor of S&H stamps, because that, quite simply, is the basis of their operation. Once you can save any old kind of stamps from anywhere—or even just save money and time by shopping in stores that don't

give stamps—a lethal blow will have been dealt to the stamp business. Since it reached a volume of $750 million last year, it stands to reason that no mere Mr. Berkeley from Utica is going to bring it down all by himself. But Mr. Berkeley, like any other martyr, did not languish entirely in vain. He may only have been a bit before his time.

The Ultimate Setup

2 Guys From Harrison, one of the largest chains of discount houses in the East, has undertaken to perform the same convenient service that Mr. Berkeley performed. They planned to do it on a considerably grander scale, however, and with several very important differences. Mr. Berkeley sold nothing but his service, but the 2 Guys stores sell everything—food, clothing, furnishings, sporting equipment, appliances—more than a hundred thousand different items. With any five dollar food purchase, 2 Guys would exchange the stamps of other companies for their own.

The advantage to the customer is plain, since 2 Guys is a discount house and the discount prices apply to the merchandise given as premiums as well as to the purchases made for cash. S&H redeems its stamp books for goods at the suggested list price, and there are some two thousand items in the catalogue. But the 2 Guys converter could choose from a field fifty times as great without even leaving the store, and each filled booklet of 2 Guys stamps is worth $2.25 in premiums. (S&H stamp booklets have a face value in cash of $1.20—1 mill per stamp, twelve hundred stamps to a book; a redemption value of three dollars toward list-price merchandise; and in some rural areas far from redemption centers, a cash value of two dollars per filled book.) It's not difficult to see why the 2 Guys plan might appeal to the public. It amounts to the ultimate merchandising setup—supermarket, stamps, and premiums all under the same roof.

S&H lost no time in bringing 2 Guys to court. It complained that 2 Guys From Harrison were interfering with the contract between S&H and its licensees (and with the consumer) and were appropriating the benefits of the S&H system to themselves. The case was heard on May 25 in the Superior Court of New Jersey, Chancery Division, Morris County. Judge Thomas J. Stanton quickly found 2 Guys to be engaging in unfair competition and temporarily enjoined them from continuing their program. On May 29, virtually the same complaint was heard against 2 Guys by Merchants Green Stamps, with altogether different and startling results. Judge Morris Pashman, hearing the case in neighboring Hudson County, ruled that 2 Guys were *not* engaged in unfair competition. Judge Pash-

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man quoted a ruling made in 1905, on the occasion of the only previous trading-stamp case in New Jersey. At that time, when the plaintiff was also S&H Green Stamps, the court ruled against S&H, saying, "Anybody who devises novel schemes of transacting business in order to make money cannot have the courts create novel rules of law for the protection of such schemes." Fifty-seven years later, S&H is again in court in the Sovereign State of New Jersey, although its scheme has long since ceased to be novel. On June 11, 1962, the case of *S&H* vs. *2 Guys From Harrison* was heard in Trenton and the defendants won the right to appeal the injunction. Merchants Green Stamps won the right to appeal their decision too.

What have 2 Guys done with the stamps that they have collected? The answer is that they have done nothing whatever with them. They have not redeemed them either for merchandise, which could conceivably be used to fill a shelf or two of their vast stores, or for cash. They are sitting on those stamps, hundreds of thousands of them, and they are being very careful not to do anything that might legally be called "trafficking" in other people's stamps. Not only are the 2 Guys in question large, tough, and solvent; they are far more cautious than Mr. Berkeley of Utica could afford to be. Big as they are and tough as they are, they have no franchise either. Meanwhile, the collected stamps are staying right where they are. 2 Guys are basking in a rosy benevolent glow, and that, the image makers say, is worth something in cash—or even in stamps, if it comes to that.

A New Jersey statute provides that trading stamps must be redeemed for cash at the holder's request. Six other states have similar legislation —Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, Nebraska, Washington, and Utah. But can just anyone redeem the stamps? There is a contract in the front of every stamp book that says the stamps are nontransferable. You don't sign this contract. It's just there. You get it with the stamps, and it is most appropriately called a contract by adhesion. If it can be made to stick, all that 2 Guys will have will be a lot of little bits of paper—and, of course, some valuable publicity.

On the other hand, an even more elegant nuance of law is that stamps have acquired so many of the attributes of legal tender that to deal in them may turn out to be a matter of mere exchange, no more a special privilege than to deal in pennies, nickels, and dimes. This fact has not exactly been thrust upon the attention of the public. The stamp companies have been enjoying a certain amount of windfall income from unredeemed stamps, but should 2 Guys win their appeal, the word will be out and the stamps will pour in.

Pathos in Detroit

This is not going to be a quiet case, buried in the back sections of the law reviews. Three-fourths of the American people and three-quarters of a billion dollars are involved. The opening salvos have already been fired off in the big metropolitan papers. S&H had full-page ads in both the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* on June 4, proclaiming "S&H Green Stamps are Worth More in redemption value than any other stamp plan in the New York area . . . bar none." There were five pages of ads in the Newark papers, the home territory of 2 Guys, and the superior virtues of S&H stamps are also being extolled every few minutes on radio and television. The ads all have testimonials: "I used to think all stamps were alike, but you can't beat S&H Green Stamps"; "S&H books fill up faster"; "No other stamp is so reliable."

Of course, it is just possible that you *can* beat S&H Green Stamps if you can get at a discount the same brand-name merchandise that S&H distributes at list price. And it ought to be pointed out that S&H books don't actually fill up any faster than Plaid Stamps, which also have twelve hundred stamps to the book and are redeemed at the same rate of exchange. The woman who said that no other stamp was so reliable, however, may have a point. Stamp plans have been known to go into bankruptcy, and when they do, the people who have put all their stamps into one booklet are what you might call stuck. There was a pathetic news photo of stamp savers locked out of their Detroit redemption center—little children in snowsuits, women in babushkas clutching worthless books, melting slush on the sidewalk: it was 1932 all over again. Yes, we have no Waring Blendors.

Stamp plans have been around since the beginning of the century—S&H itself was founded in 1896. As long ago as 1916, Justice Joseph McKenna of the U.S. Supreme Court called trading stamps "an appeal to cupidity, a lure to improvidence." However, the collection of trading stamps was a more or less local phenomenon until after the Second World War, when the growth of suburban shopping centers, with their huge competing supermarkets, created a climate as conducive to the growth of stamp plans as a rain forest is to bamboo. They proliferated until you had to hack your way through them with a machete. The myth of the supermarket as a fast and efficient way to shop began to collapse as the harassed cashiers figured stamps, bonus stamps, special stamps, and bonanza stamps.

Of course, the first store in town to hand out stamps has a tremendous advantage over its competitors, but that advantage is short-lived. It lasts only until every other supermarket gets into the stamp act, and they all have. When A&P, one of the last of the holdouts, capitulated this spring, Eli Strassner, president of the Trading Stamp Institute of America, said, "Wise men change their minds." That may turn out to be a most prophetic statement. Perhaps as soon as people realize that stamps virtually amount to money, they are liable to *ask* for money. And the easiest way to give it to them is by lowering all the prices in the market by at least two per cent, which is the usual percentage of retail sales that the stamp companies charge merchants for their razzle-dazzle.

Of course, many consumers would probably prefer illusions to cash. They may object to being deprived of the pleasure and satisfaction of thinking that they're getting something—a boudoir lamp or a basketball hoop—for nothing. For this is one of the keenest joys in life, so exquisite that many people are willing to pay for it.

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Philadelphia: Policing the Police

RUTH MAROSSI and GERALD KREFETZ

"POLICE BRUTALITY in the United States today is a serious and continuing problem in many parts of the country." This was the finding of a recent report by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, a body created by Congress. Though most police departments work in a decent and lawful manner, the commission was "concerned about the number of unconstitutional and criminal acts committed by agents of American justice who are sworn to uphold the law and apply it impartially."

If the third degree is the most flagrant violation, it is by no means the only one. Harassment, illegal search and seizure, refusal of permission for an arrested person to telephone his family or lawyer, discrimination based on race, religion, or national origin, shakedowns, destruction of property—all these, the report indicates, are common.

The United States has a rapidly growing crime rate. In the decade ending in 1960 the number of serious crimes rose four times as fast as the population. The last two years witnessed an increase of sixteen per cent, though lately this precipitous rise has shown signs of abating. Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that both official and public pressure are brought to bear on police departments to solve and if possible prevent criminal acts. Unfortunately, the result is sometimes overzealous law enforcement.

Many cities have internal police boards presided over by police officials who are primarily concerned with breaches of regulations within the force. Their make-up, viewpoint, and normal obligation all tend to favor the police. Even if the board should find in the complainant's favor, there is little it can do for him. The offending officer may be disciplined, but the victim receives little more than psychological compensation, for only in rare and extraordinary circumstances is a police record destroyed by the authorities. Consequently, after a run-in with the law, one must forever admit to an arrest record on applications for employment, naturalization, passports, and on other legal forms. Qualifying the answer with lengthy explanations often merely serves to arouse and increase suspicion.

PHILADELPHIA has been making a noteworthy effort to find a solution to this state of affairs. An experiment has been carried on there that guarantees an impartial hearing to victims of police mistreatment. In 1958, Mayor Richardson Dilworth established a Police Advisory Board composed of civilians to hear com-

plaints. In cases of false arrest the citizen is guaranteed not only a written apology by the police but also the privilege of having his arrest record destroyed before his eyes.

For a number of years several Philadelphia civic organizations—the Philadelphia Fellowship Commission, the Civil Rights Committee of the Philadelphia Bar Association, the American Civil Liberties Union, the NAACP, the American Friends Service Committee, and the National Conference of Christians and Jews—had discussed the need for such a board. The incident that finally shocked Philadelphia into action concerned a patrolman who assaulted a superior and who on two separate occasions committed brutal attacks on private citizens. The police department board charged him only with insubordination. This led Councilman Henry W. Sawyer III to observe that such departmental inquiries were "a farce when it comes to hearing civilian cases."

On September 30, 1958, the mayor appointed five prominent Philadelphians who were willing to serve the city in a unique experiment, among them Clarence Pickett, a Nobel Peace Prize winner and executive secretary emeritus of the American Friends Service Committee. Because of increased case loads, the board has recently been enlarged, and two panels of four members each will hear cases alternately.

The procedures are simple and direct: anyone with a complaint against the police who files a statement within ninety days can have his case reviewed. If in the opinion of a member of the board the complaint warrants investigation, it will be thoroughly examined by a special police investigator. A public hearing is scheduled after complainants, police, and respective counsel have been given sufficient notice. Strict rules of evidence are not followed; the board attempts to keep the proceedings as informal as possible. The civilian board in no way conflicts or interferes with the jurisdiction of the police disciplinary body. It is purely advisory and its recommendations are not binding.

Here is how the board operated in one difficult case. Shortly after three o'clock on a Monday morning, a car was stopped by the police. A white clergyman was on his way home after lecturing at a university some distance away. The other occupant of the car was a Negro student, a girl. When the clergyman asked why he had been stopped, the officer first replied that it was a "routine check," but then hinted at prostitution. At the station house, the officer in charge said that seeing a racially mixed couple was reason enough to suspect prostitution. The clergyman requested a hearing by the civilian board "because of the embarrassment caused us . . . the arbitrary and unwarranted detention . . . and

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perhaps illegal arrest." After investigating, the board found that the car had been stopped and its occupants taken to the station house merely because the couple were of different races. It recommended that the officer involved be suspended for two days and given a departmental reprimand; he was also asked to write a letter of apology. Moreover, the board requested that a departmental directive clarify policy and prevent such incidents in the future. Here, as in other cases, police officials co-operated fully with the board and acted on its suggestions.

Within the last year, increasing publicity has doubled the number of cases brought before the board. More than half are settled amicably without hearings, and the board has found in favor of the police as often as against them. Indeed, in some cases the board has praised the "self-control and restraint as exemplary and befitting a professional police officer" in the face of civilian abuse and insults.

As one might expect, many cases presented to the board involve Negroes, who now make up nearly a fourth of Philadelphia's population. As James Barker, former head of the Philadelphia branch of the NAACP, has said, "Police violence has always been the lot of the Negro. It seldom receives much notice, nor have the maltreated complained very loudly." At least the new arrangement makes it more possible for those who feel they have been mistreated to register their complaints. But actually, complaints from Negroes, while numerous, have not been disproportionate. And the board's records indicate that cases come from all racial groups and classes, white as well as colored, businessmen as well as laborers.

THE Philadelphia experiment has been in operation for only about four years—still rather a short time as municipal institutions go. Nevertheless, it has already made its mark despite meager funds and a small staff. There has, of course, been opposition to the board. It has been accused of existing merely to protect the rights of a small part of the population. "Minority groups are handled with kid gloves, given every advantage far beyond what is due. You call them 'minority groups,' I call them high-pressure groups," remarked Bernard Lemisch, a leading attorney for Philadelphia's Fraternal Order of Police. "The board is a kangaroo court. No outsider should sit in judgment on the police. Civilians don't understand police procedures."

The main criticism from the police association, however, really lies elsewhere: it complains that the police cannot do an effective job if someone is looking over their shoulder. The 1960 meeting of the National Conference of Police Associations declared that police review boards were subverting and undermining law enforcement. Since then, patrolmen's benevolent associations have taken strong stands against the establishment of review boards in a number of other cities where Philadelphia's example is being studied or is already being followed. It must be noted, however, that Philadelphia's crime index, as reported to the FBI, has decreased although the national average has risen in recent years. This would not seem to indicate that Philadelphia's police force has been either demoralized or undermined by the board's efforts to protect citizens against police brutality.

The Crumbling Castle Of Dr. Salazar

CLAIRE STERLING

LISBON

IT WAS no more than a coincidence that Premier António de Oliveira Salazar had to deal with two riots and a student strike in Portugal at exactly the moment this spring when Francisco Franco was struggling to check the great runaway strikes in the north of Spain. There has never been any co-ordination to speak of between these dictators' respective oppositions, and there is no sign of any now. Still, both dictatorships seem to be facing the same growing national urge for renovation.

Dr. Salazar's immediate position doesn't compare in gravity to General Franco's. Portugal has nothing like Spain's militant workers' movement, or even much of an industrial working class at all; the Catholic Church here is not yet openly estranged from the régime, as in Madrid; and where Franco is facing a formidable array of political parties, Salazar's only opposition until not long ago was an illegal Communist Party of less than five thousand members and a small band of septuagenarian democrats who have divided their time between a mimeograph machine and a prison cell for upwards of thirty years. Nevertheless, the Portuguese have had several shocks recently, notably the loss of Goa and the threatened loss of Angola, and as a result the situation here has changed substantially.

The Clock Is Ticking

One mark of change is the fact that the Communists were able to get fifteen thousand people into Lis-

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bon's Black Horse Square on May Day, keep them there battling the heavily armed police for three and a half hours, and get them out into the streets again a week later for a repeat performance. This came as such a surprise to the Portuguese, who haven't seen anything of the kind for four decades, that they fully expected a revolution at any moment. (A hotel elevator boy briskly informed me the day I arrived that it would happen the very next evening, at six.)

Another surprise has come from the students here, who, unlike those in Spain, have been quiescent until this spring. The outbreak came suddenly on March 24, when undergraduates from the universities of Coimbra and Oporto were converging on the capital to celebrate International Students' Day. On the suspicion, probably founded, that they intended to turn the celebration into a demonstration against Salazar, the police arrested several busloads of them, invaded the University of Lisbon campus, and closed the student center where the assembly was to be held. Over the next two months there followed a mass sit-down strike in the college stadium, a prolonged period of academic mourning (everybody cut classes), several nasty riots in which boys and girls were ambushed and pummeled by the cavalry, a hunger strike, the arrest of fifteen hundred more students together with some of their parents and professors, the resignation of their outraged rector, and a boycott of final exams.

THERE APPEARS to have been little if any connection at all between the street and campus demonstrations. The former were planned and announced in advance by the Communists; the latter were clearly an improvised response to blundering police provocation. In fact, the students were so anxious to avoid entanglement with the Communists that they went back to class on May Day, to resume their strike when the street riots were over. For Salazar, however, there was small comfort in this painstaking distinction.

Where the Communists have had a near monopoly on the opposition until a year or two ago, they are being overtaken rapidly now by a democratic group known as Patriotic Youth, a less sectarian and therefore more menacing subversive force. Led by an imaginative young intellectual named Piteira Santos, a former Communist who learned how to organize an underground at the source, the group has won the support of many Portuguese who would have nothing to do with the Communists: writers, lawyers, teachers, army officers, sons of the middle class, and especially young Catholics, who give the organization its real personality. This group guided the students in April and May and organized the military insurrection at Beja on New

Year's Day—a failure ending with the arrest and torture of a hundred and fifty officers and civilians, but a traumatic experience for the régime all the same. Salazar has had several fitful skirmishes with rebellious army officers. But he has never before had to deal with the mutiny of an entire regiment, nor had the underground ever managed to get its hands on such a quantity of arms and ammunition.

This doesn't necessarily mean that the country is on the verge of a popular revolution. But it does mean that the clock, which has been standing still in Portugal since 1928, is beginning to tick again.

IN HIS thirty-four years of power, Dr. Salazar has been the firm enemy not only of Communism, syndicalism, internationalism, liberalism, parliamentarianism, and democracy—the list is his own—but also of innovation in any form. The nation is not now quite as he found it, since he found it in wild financial disorder. But once he had balanced the budget, he stopped. With no ambitious development plans, no social-welfare schemes, no borrowing, and practically no spending, the country has been immobilized at a point that other European countries left behind long ago.

Portugal has a proportionately smaller industrial working class and a larger peasantry than any nation on the Continent except Bulgaria, and a lower per capita income ($245 a year) than any other Continental nation; many of its peasants still live on barter rather than cash, while its workers earn an average of ninety cents a day, the average hourly wage in Norway or Sweden; half its land is still owned by one per cent of the population; forty per cent of its people are still illiterate; and though the cost of living here has risen only thirteen per cent in thirteen years—Salazar regards even slight inflation as comparable to a slight pregnancy—the rate of production hasn't risen much faster.

Whether through inclination or necessity, the Portuguese have been more or less submissive about this state of affairs. But the currents of modern thought spreading through Spain in the last few years have begun to reach the west of the Iberian Peninsula as well. The resignation of former days has been giving way to active boredom, acid bitterness, and a longing for change among the youth, the more advanced Oporto workers, and the more socially minded Catholics. Their impatience has taken an increasingly aggressive form, as evidenced by the increasing number of political trials, which rose to a record 3,811 in 1961.

Is Angola Worth It?

In such an atmosphere of popular dissatisfaction, the growing burden of the war in Angola, the largest colonial prize of Portugal's four-hundred-year-old empire and a symbol of its ancient glory, has become an anguishing one for a nation that has little more than its pride to live on. Stunned at first by the outbreak of native terrorism there, the Portuguese have become more indignant with

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every fresh proof that their allies in NATO will not stand by them. But they have also begun to feel the first gnawings of self-doubt.

While Angola has been an invaluable asset to Portugal, most of the profits have been going to the colony's seven big companies and their few hundred important stockholders, at least as many of them British as Portuguese. Very few material benefits have come down to the average citizen here, and if that may not have mattered much a year ago, it does now. Since the fighting broke out in Angola in the spring of 1961, Salazar has embarked on an expensive development program there, and has also been obliged to keep fifty-five thousand troops in the colony itself (as against three thousand in peacetime), twenty thousand more for prophylactic purposes in Mozambique, and another seven thousand in Portuguese Guinea. The cost of maintaining and supplying these troops has been averaging well over half a million dollars a day, and came closer to a million a day at the height of the fighting—an extravagance utterly beyond the means of this poor nation of nine million people. The drain on the treasury has already forced Salazar to borrow from abroad, doing violence for the first time to his cherished budget. It has also forced him to impose a ten to twenty per cent tax on a range of consumer goods from radios and gasoline to kerosene stoves, electric heaters, and clothing, which most Portuguese could barely afford in the first place. It is not improbable that a continuing drain of this kind will lead the country back to the financial chaos in which Salazar had found it. The price seems steep for the kind of war that no other colonial power in our time has yet succeeded in winning, and many Portuguese are beginning to wonder whether Angola is worth it.

That is naturally not true of those who have investments in the colony. But with the index of their African stocks falling from 166 in 1955 to 34.9 in 1962, they too have misgivings. Most of them still bank on Salazar to pull them out of the mess somehow. The more farsighted few, however, are finding their thoughts straying elsewhere. Increasingly skeptical about the chances of holding Angola—after noting the West's indifference to the Indian seizure of Goa, not to mention its stand in the UN on Angola itself—they are looking with greater interest toward the Common Market. Like Spain, Portugal can ill afford to be excluded from this great new commercial pool; sixty-seven per cent of Portugal's trade has been with either the European Economic Community's six nations or the Outer Seven. Like Spain again, Portugal lacks not only important political qualifications but also the indispensable economic conditions for membership in the Community: modern competitive industry, an accelerating growth rate, risk capital. The shrewder Portuguese financiers feel, therefore, that rather than send good money after bad in Angola, it might be wiser to prepare for the Common Market by investing in Portugal.

NO ONE HERE has yet come to the point of saying that Portugal should pull out of Angola. Nevertheless, the heightened sense of national solidarity prevailing in the early days of the conflict has vanished. In its place have come perplexity, a nagging discontent, and a tendency to put the blame for everything on Salazar's aging shoulders—unreasonable, perhaps, but logical for a population so long conditioned to a one-man rule.

Actually, Salazar has done a lot for Angola, not just in the last year but in the last thirty years. Though memories are hazy now, the colony's fate was a major consideration for those who put Salazar into power, since it was threatening even then to break away from Portugal and become a kind of African Brazil. He gave the problem his concentrated attention, sending thousands of new settlers down to develop the then nearly virgin territory and consolidate the Portuguese position there. An evidence of his success is the fact that Portugal's position there has not been challenged until now, years after the collapse of other and greater colonial empires in Africa.

With the challenge coming at last, however, Portugal is in a peculiarly difficult position to meet it because of Salazar himself. As the world's most enduring dictator, he is the last man to command what little sympathy the world might still have for a nation endeavoring to preserve its empire; and many Portuguese feel also that he is the last man to handle the conflict in Angola itself. This is not just a question of his policies in suppressing the revolt—though many people here think his characteristically rigid measures have inflamed it—but also of his political heritage. Angola is stocked with some of his most unforgiving political opponents, whom he had rather ingenuously sent into exile there; and the white settlers in general are full of rancor toward him because he has, among other things, forced them for years to buy for more and sell for less in Portugal than the going market price. While few colonists might want to detach the colony from Portugal, many would enjoy the prospect of detaching the colony and Portugal both from Salazar, as would quite a number of his subjects at home. The conflict in Angola, therefore, is not simply a war of liberation between black nationalists and white colonists. It is also, at least potentially, a political war between those—both black and white—who don't like this dictatorship and those who do.

The Army Will Decide

In the long run, therefore, Salazar would actually seem to be in a far worse position than Franco, who has no comparable colonial problem and has a much tighter hold on the army.

Like Franco, Salazar depends primarily on his army for power. But unlike Franco, he cannot claim the gratitude of his army for having led it to a military victory at the outset. Nor does he have another of Franco's built-in safeguards: the haunting memory of the civil war and its millions of dead. The Portuguese Army's interest in Salazar has always been less sentimental and more detached.

There is no single opinion in military circles here as to how Angola can be held. Some generals feel that Salazar's intractable methods are necessary, and indeed indispensable. Others—and their number is reportedly growing fast—believe that the colony can be saved only by a younger and more flexible man,

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capable of pacifying the Angolan settlers as well as the natives. Salazar has already had a sharp intimation of this attitude. In April, 1961, when the war had just begun, he was given an ultimatum by his minister of defense, General Botelho Moniz, offering him the choice of either relinquishing power peaceably or being forcibly removed: the army, said Moniz, considered him too old, and old-fashioned, to handle the Angola situation. Salazar was still strong enough to fire his defense minister and take over the job himself. But though he has managed to contain the rebels in Angola, he is certainly far from defeating them; and with the Portuguese growing increasingly restive as the war drags on, a lot of other generals are beginning to share the former defense minister's view.

The army cannot long ignore a noisy opposition here which, if less mature than the Spanish, seems more dangerous for precisely that reason. The intellectuals, students, and young Catholics in the Portuguese underground are not only far behind the Spanish in sophistication but woefully behind in anything resembling preparedness to run the country. Left to their own devices in this deteriorating situation, they might be capable of pulling off an insurrection, as they came close to doing with the help of young revolutionary officers last New Year's Day. But they would be most unlikely to go on from there to the kind of safe, conservative Christian Democratic government that the Spanish underground is preparing for now. A change without chaos in Portugal can be made only by the army, with the decisions from the top; and that, in the opinion of foreign diplomats in Lisbon, is how the change will come.

IT IS POSSIBLE that the diplomats are mistaken. Like the baron of an ancient castle, one of them has observed, Salazar has often waited out trouble by simply pulling the drawbridge up over the moat. But he has never before had troubles quite like these, and even he concedes that he may no longer have the strength to meet them. "Perhaps," he remarked not long ago, "I have lived beyond my time."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Revolt That Failed

MEG GREENFIELD

A FEW WEEKS AGO, a former Smith College professor of mine recalled to me that just about the last thing I had been heard to say when I was graduated in 1952 was that no one would ever see *me* again in Northampton, Massachusetts. While I don't remember making the remark, I have no doubt it was inspired by the sight of the thousand or so aging Smith alumnae who return each year to fifth, tenth, and even seventieth class reunions, at which time they dress up in funny costumes, sing college songs, and insist in a variety of spoken and unspoken ways that they represent some sort of continuity with the present student body. To the polite but indifferent undergraduates, all this is both embarrassing and absurd, and they do their very best to ignore it. My own last words on the subject were recalled to me by the professor just as we were finishing lunch in Northampton on the first day of my return for the tenth reunion of my class.

To be sure, my feeling about class reunions had not changed much. To friends who tried to warn me off I explained that I was returning for what was bound to be an amusing, detached, and possibly even detachable experience. "To what extent a loyalty?" I had scribbled in my notebook. "Significance of class parade?" Unfortunately, my clinical approach began to give way on the train only an hour out of New York. By New Haven I had ceased fussing with my notes and taken instead to rearranging my hairdo at ten-minute intervals. By Hartford I was wholly preoccupied with my own image. Who would be there? I wondered. And what would they think of me? They would see me, I persuaded myself, as a glamorous lady reporter, a blasé resident of Washington and New York, an elegant interviewer of the great. So suitable did this image seem for purposes of impressing my classmates that when I recognized two of them boarding the car at Springfield, I casually strolled back to try it out. "Well, my God," I said to the one I remembered better, "how are *you*?" To which she replied, well, my God, how was *I*? We certainly hadn't seen each other for a long time, we agreed, and there the conversation foundered. I was just backing off when suddenly she remembered that as a matter of fact she *had* heard something about me, about my job and where I was and all. I smiled and let her continue. Didn't I live in Greenwich Village, she said, and work for the ADA or something like that? When we reached Northampton I promptly emptied the contents of my handbag out a car door into a gutter and banged my knee on the door attempting to retrieve them. Those, it has always seemed to me, are the gestures of one who has lost the will to live.

I CAN'T IMAGINE what made me think that even in my old age Smith College and I could enjoy a casual relationship. We never have before. The fact is that I have been doing battle with Smith's image of me and my image of Smith—not to mention the outside world's image of both of us—ever since my tragic arrival in 1948, decked out in a tent-shaped overcoat that a West Coast department store had assured me was all the rage in the Ivy League. The trauma, of course (and there is a plentiful literature on the subject), was my encounter with my colleagues from the high-strung female seminaries of the East, girls who were once described by a friend of mine as having been born under the clock at the Biltmore. Despite my years at an innocent Western day school, they were like nothing I could have imagined in human life, and although there were also scholarship girls, and Middlewest girls,

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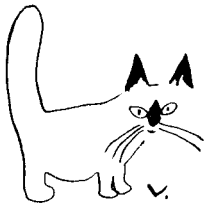
and girls from the staid New England centers of Latin and field hockey, it was the others who seemed to me to represent all that was best about Smith. When I had finished weeping for my ill-advised overcoat, I undertook to imitate their ways. By Thanksgiving of that year I was already making progress. I won, in a manner of speaking, a bourbon-drinking contest at the Biltmore Hotel, a triumph from which I was borne away by a house detective who thought that I was dead.

Looking back on all I had to unlearn once I abandoned this particular image of Smith, I would say that it was essentially a matter of linguistics. "Divine" and "ickie" became the staples of my vocabulary; those who annoyed me were told to "eat the bird," and that which was awful was "the pits." By the end of my freshman year I was even able to pronounce all this in such a way as to make myself incomprehensible to my family and friends in the West, although they were able to understand enough of what I did say to feel they were probably well off missing the rest. Orthography fails me here, but the effect can be approximated by speaking very slowly and through the nose. "Chroist," we used to say, "couldn't care *less*. I mean just *couldn't* care *less*."

That was my early ideal of Smith, although it was not, I must add, Smith's ideal of Smith. On the contrary, the college does everything in its power to subvert the mannerisms I was so busy acquiring; and in this it has considerable success. By mid-junior year, even I was tiring of the identity I had worked to achieve, and so were the girls I was imitating, who by then were imitating themselves. The college's weapons were many and formidable: intellectual demands, utter democracy, girls'-school living, terrible food, enforced gymnastics, and a relentless insistence that Smith girls were not better than other people, although, God knew, they really ought to be—and not in the sense that some of them supposed. These disciplines have their effect, you may be sure. To this day, in the suicidal months of late winter, when I am hard pressed to think of anyone more miserable than myself, it gives me a certain pleasure to remember that all over New England grown women dressed in outfits that are a cross between a tank suit and a *tutu* have been herded into overheated gymnasiums where, against their will, they are batting volleyballs at each other.

Schools like Smith are both an indulgence and a penance, and although I can even look back on Eggs Goldenrod now with a certain affection, this was not the case when I got out. Immediately the second reaction set in. Several of us set out for what can only be described as a three-year-long festival of liberation in the capitals of Western Europe, paid for by our parents, who believed that we were having an adventure of the mind. Our vengeance against our former selves, or Smith as we liked to call them, knew no bounds, and each new loss of inhibition as well as each new outrageous



political idea was a triumph for us, as we saw it, against the college. We were at least as concerned, at the time, with acquiring a knowing look as we were with the way in which we acquired it, and I can remember, when several classmates came to Rome and we had dinner, the ostentatious indifference with which I would greet their every attempt to tell me about how Mousie and Bitsie and Poopsie were all sharing an apartment in New York. "It all seems so *remote*," I would say, while a fellow Smith expatriate who was present would add at appropriate moments, "*Je m'en fous*." Nothing was lost on the girls who went home and reported that they had seen us in Rome and that we were the absolute pits. That was all right with us. So were they. Almost all the world's ills, in fact, it seemed to us, could be traced back to that brownie-eating young Republican creature, the Smith girl, who was the embodiment not only of Smith College but of America as well. To put it simply, she caused Guatemala.

For several years I let nothing intrude on my new Smith image, although one event that took place in the midst of my liberation shook me up a bit. A 1941 graduate of the college circulated a letter among the alumnae suggesting that they withhold any contributions they planned to make until Smith explained the presence on its faculty of five professors she deemed politically unfit. Naturally, I had never considered contributing anything to Smith, but immediately I sent off a money order for ten dollars along with some thunderous prose offering the president my support in what I took to be the hour of the college's collapse at the hands of its benighted alumnae. A few weeks later I received a form letter from him. While the incident had been deplorable, he said, it did have its brighter side. He had heard from more of us than he normally would have in three years, and the college had received quite a windfall. The alumna's letter, it turned out, succeeded in raising two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars for Smith. Twenty-eight thousand alumnae had responded to her call, but of these only two had taken her side. I was not yet ready to be pleased at this bit of news; I think I was a little disappointed.

Eventually, thank heavens, I relaxed. Time and distance made Smith and Smith girls seem genuinely remote to me. I was still proud to learn from my few Smith acquaintances that I was listed among the address-less lost of the class, but even this little pride was snatched from me when Smith literature started turning up at my door as I might have expected it would, since Smith's apparatus for searching out the reluctant may be favorably compared with that of Con Edison. For a while I scrutinized the mailings for absurdities and grammatical flaws. Then I took to heaving them out unopened. Finally, I began to read them with amused detachment of the kind I enjoyed almost as far as New Haven on my ill-fated journey back to Smith.

I wish I could report that the little exchange on the train was characteristic of my weekend as a whole. To have gone to a class reunion and returned with a new set of emotional scars would have been considered at least respectable by my friends.

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Actually there is much worse to report. My emotional course throughout the weekend was indistinguishable from that of my classmates: apprehension was followed by relief, relief was followed by hysteria, and hysteria led to a sentimental swoon into which God chose to cast the most cynical first.

In retrospect, the initial reactions are quite easily explained. According to an unofficial survey I have since taken, six out of ten otherwise stable persons have, at some time in the past five years, toyed with the idea of attending a class reunion. Of these, four were too scared to go, while two were also too scared to go but went anyway. The early hours seem to confirm everyone's worst fears. No one knows quite why she's there or what she is supposed to do, and yet at this delicate stage begins a series of endless encounters with persons whose faces are familiar, indeed whose every expression is well known, but whose identity has been forgotten along with such data as whether you even liked her or not. The distribution of name tags alleviates the situation only slightly, producing a sort of walleyed reunion stare in which one friendly eye is riveted on the classmate's face while the other is off in a different direction frantically trying to read. When both participants are doing this it is a very peculiar sight, and under such humiliating circumstances a host of former deficiencies are forgiven. There was in fact a spirit of deliberate bravery and kindness that afternoon that I have experienced only in hospital waiting rooms and on planes whose engines were beginning to falter. We drowned our fears in drink at a class supper that evening and the din of relieved voices was terrible to hear. By the next morning, when we found ourselves bleakly staring into one another's unpainted faces over Smith's unforgettable coffee, it seemed to me that we had never left.

THAT, OF COURSE, is a classical reunion reaction, and there were others to follow. The most notable was a descent into kiddishness brought on by the mere fact of being back in those surroundings, submitting once again to that awesome voice of authority, though it no longer has any sanctions. Smoking will *not* be permitted in the following places, says the voice; alumnae will wear *white dresses* and assemble at the following time; all reunion placards must be *approved.* One hides the forbidden whiskey bottle and thrills at the very idea. Needless to say, all this is accompanied by a united front against the undergraduates, who constantly threaten to interrupt the fantasy with such gestures as trying to help you carry your bag up the stairs. Undeterred, we carried on. We made all the appropriate journeys back to the campus drugstore, the pond, the dormitory, and one girl to the place where she fondly remembered spending the most time—the Talbot House telephone booth. Even that

looked beautiful, she reported, although I remember it as a dreadful, smelly place.

But then I remembered a lot of things wrong, and none more so than my poor maligned classmates, not a single one of whom said "Chroist." They had lost in the aggregate nearly five hundred pounds; they rose nobly to the entrapment of reunion; and they were full of apology for crimes committed against each other and the college. Characteristic of the graduates of any woman's college, they were also somewhat plagued by guilt. If she had it to do again, one wrote in the class reunion book, "I'd have far more courage in choosing courses, professors, friends, beaux, activities, and time for contemplation. . . . Oh, all that time, that lovely time. . . ." And another summed up the class's general attitude toward itself when she wrote, "I guess I'm just dull."

They really weren't dull at all; they were only somewhat unhinged by the sight and the recollection of Smith. It is impossible to come back to that place and sing all those songs about the "world"—about how you're going to meet it and change it and do it every good deed within your power whether it likes it or not—without wondering what on earth you *have* been doing for the past ten years. "God of Purpose, help us dare/To make the world more *true,* more *fair.* . . ." That's the way I had sung it in school and in similar forms throughout college, and eight years of that sort of thing isn't easy to forget. Even in the idyllic squalor of post-college Europe we used to say that we wouldn't stay forever because we were going to go home and "contribute," although what we were going to contribute and to whom was unknown. And as a result, I have no doubt, of all those years of dragging flower chains around schoolyards and singing "All people that on earth do dwell," I myself have been subject to involuntary moments of rededication at the shrine of some unidentified good. They generally occur when I am on top of a mountain, which, happily, isn't often, and vary in strength from a resolve to straighten out a closet to a decision to join Dr. Schweitzer in Lambaréné. It would almost be accurate to say that I have never done either.

HOPE springs eternal, however, and there, it seems to me, is the key to Smith, Smith girls, and above all Smith reunions. There has been a good deal of public concern lately over how many girls at Vassar still are virgins. Eighty per cent said they felt it was none of Vassar's business, and while I rejoiced to hear that *ninety-five* per cent of Smith girls felt that way, I did not for a minute imagine that I was in possession of a sexual statistic. Such a question at Smith could only have been understood as a violation of civil liberties. More to the point, I feel confident in saying that *all* the girls at Smith are virgins—both those who are and those who aren't. For there is in Northampton a relentless and all-encompassing virginity, a kind of innocence sufficiently broad and democratic to include everyone. It is to this combination of hope, seriousness, and utter naïveté that Smith girls march in their interminable

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parades. So, as it happens, do the alumnae, although they are really back seeking their lost despair.

The alumnae parade was the feature of Smith's reunion I had most dreaded. Even as we were lining up, I could think without trouble of at least eleven people who, if they saw me at that moment, would never be the same again; nor would I. I was dressed, as were the rest of my classmates, in a blue bib affair and a red crown, and we would also have been carrying specially ordered shopping bags, had the shopping bags when they arrived not turned out to bear the legend "Merry Christmas—Bloomingdales." We looked silly enough as it was, however, and the long line of other classes from 1902 down to 1961 looked equally silly. They were wearing pink rabbit ears and red snoods among other things and carrying signs that said "Old '42's Never Fade Away—They Just Dye" and "Here We Are: Bags and Baggage." When the music began and the marchers set off in twos past the president's reviewing stand, I was still considering whether it mightn't be too embarrassing if I were caught in step with the marchers and the music, but by the time our class began to move all reticence was gone. I was perfectly happy to march my ravaged but ever hopeful self past the reviewers. In fact I rather wished I had been carrying a sign. If I had written it myself it would have read, "Well, here I am. I mean, you win." Fittingly enough, in view of the ever-widening gap between ourselves and the so-called undergraduates (who, I was convinced by that time, were really shills), as the tenth-reunion group proudly strung along the path, a student observed us and said to a friend, "That's what we're going to look like in twenty-five years."

Not even the cruelty of youth could convince me for the rest of the weekend that I was not a miserable child of twenty-one. The graduation ceremonies the next day were also, obviously, mine. The same airplane even buzzed overhead. Our vows to embark on an immediate series of lunches and dinners with one another were made with the same old meaningless intensity. And after the graduation, when I found myself at cocktails with some of my former professors, I was my same old deferential self. I drank too much, to be sure, and rather showed off, but just as I was ten years ago, I was seeking the ultimate conversation with a professor and they, dear souls, were putting up with it. They even asked me what I did and what I thought. That, in the real world, is the sort of information I am always volunteering and then getting into fights about at parties. In their patience they even seemed to accept my sly assessment of myself, but then I made the story pretty good.

Not good enough, you may be sure, to convince myself, because when the time came to return to the glamorous and fascinating life I had been telling them about, to tell the truth I didn't want to go. By the time I bestirred myself, in fact, the only transportation available was a jet flight from Springfield to New York. It was much too abrupt for my mood. No sooner had we taken off than we were landing, and I was heading through hot and muggy Idlewild in search of a cab. I slumped in the back seat as we jogged along the crowded parkway, sleepy, manic, high and low at once. It was clear to me that I was on the verge of yet another rededication, a major one this time, along Dr. Schweitzer lines. And I have no doubt that I would have been weaving bandages for the natives today, had not the cab driver chosen the precise moment of my vows to start singing at the top of his lungs, "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover." Quickly I conjured up lady marchers and elm trees and tried to drown him out in my head singing silently but emphatically "All People That on Earth Do Dwell." He sang on and I fought back with "God of Purpose, Help Us Dare." Somewhere before Manhattan I gave up.

The world will have its way, and I am reconciled now to the fact that I am not a sweet girl graduate. I am an aging sentimental alumna and a pretty gung-ho one at that. Of all the classical phases I have gone through in my highly unstable relationship with Smith, this, I am sure, will prove the most embarrassing and the most difficult to endure. But all those years of volleyball and Eggs Goldenrod (I have not even told you about the alleged "chow mein") breed a certain fortitude in a girl. I mean, if Smith can stand it, so can I.

The People and Time Of George Gershwin

EDWARD JABLONSKI

Twenty-five years ago, on Sunday, July 11, 1937, George Gershwin died after an operation for a brain tumor. In the chorus of tributes that soon filled the air, the only dissonant notes were contributed by the music critics, who almost to a man predicted that his death would end the chapter on the "serious" Gershwin. The popular songs, they conceded, would continue to delight for a time, but the ambitious concert works would die without Gershwin's propulsive personality to "plug" them.

As he had during his lifetime, Gershwin continues to confute the critics. He is today by far the most performed, the most recorded, the most renowned American composer on either side of the musical tracks, popular or serious. His *Rhapsody in Blue, Concerto in F,* and *An American in Paris* are established in the repertories of major orchestras all over the world.

And although the same few works are performed year in and year out, they remain fresh and jauntily contemporary. Gershwin's melodic gift, rhythmic vitality, and rare natural ear for harmonic invention infused his music with a distinctive personal quality. One critic—a hostile one at that—called it "that high attribute of making people fall in love with it."

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But love disarms criticism. It disturbed the critics (and still does) that Gershwin was no profound musical thinker. He didn't pretend to be, of course, but if he employed such terms as "prelude," "opera," or "concerto," the critics insisted that he conform to correct usage. His piano *Concerto,* the more petulant ones argued, was not a real concerto at all. As for the *Rhapsody in Blue,* it was nothing but a lot of musical-comedy numbers, spiced up with jazzy ingredients and stitched together with minimal formal skill. But the *Rhapsody,* whatever its textbook imperfections, is the most performed American concert work today. The *Concerto* is the most frequently performed American work in this form also. Other Americans have produced piano concertos—MacDowell, Copland, Menotti, Bernstein—but only Gershwin's is apt to be encountered with any regularity in the concert hall. Obviously such music "has something."

For want of a better term, that something might be called style. The Gershwin style, insofar as it can be defined, is a synthesis of the musical forces that made the American 1920's so exciting a period in our musical history. Gershwin captured as has no other composer the angular, nervous rhythms, the bittersweet gaiety, the affected hard-boiled romanticism, and the eternal springtime of the Jazz Age.

SCHOOLED in the waning days of ragtime in Tin Pan Alley, in the musical theater as it began to flower under the different yet complementary influences of Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern, Gershwin assimilated what he knew best just as serious European composers absorbed their own folk music. Contrary to legend, he was well schooled in musical techniques and was a talented pianist. These skills enabled him to make use of popular materials, while also developing his personal style of expression. The result was never the "symphonic jazz" popularly grafted to his name, but pure Gershwin. It was his aim, as he put it, "to reflect the thoughts and aspirations of the people and the time." He never defined either the thoughts or the aspirations, but he did add a typically Gershwinesque statement: "My people are American. My time is today."

Gershwin must be assigned an important role in American musical history as the first practicing *American* composer. Our early composers, notably William Billings and Francis Hopkinson, were engaging beginners, the former a charming primitive and the latter a genteel dilettante. Our nineteenth-century composers, among them Edward MacDowell, George Chadwick, and Horatio Parker, were as academic as they were essentially European. The maverick Charles Ives chose to remain out of the musical main stream so that his innovations have had little effect upon the development of American music. Gershwin produced the most unabashedly American music ever written. Though

identified with a moment in time now gone, it continues to attract a generation that knew neither the power of Gershwin's personality nor the excitement of the 1920's.

Even his songs, the best of them happily wed to the incomparable lyrics of his brother Ira, are unique in their capacity for defying time and the inevitable corrosive effects of their very popularity. "Swanee" is more than forty years old, "The Man I Love," thirty-eight, as is the *Rhapsody in Blue.*

Gershwin once stated rather defensively, "I am not ashamed of writing songs at any time so long as they are good songs." But he was haunted by the question whether any of his work would live. Music endured, he believed, "only when it is in serious form." Gershwin hoped to write something that would do more than bring him money. He did this by casting some of his seemingly endless flow of ideas into the forms of concerto or opera.

Time has proved that his instincts served him well. "When my critics tell me," he would say, "that I now and then betray a structural weakness, they are not telling me anything I don't know." But he also believed that "the majority has much better taste and understanding, not only in music but of any of the arts, than it is credited with having. It is not the few knowing ones whose opinions make any work of art great, it is the judgment of the great mass that finally decides."

Not that Gershwin lacked powerful champions. The great English composer Ralph Vaughan Williams once told an audience of young American composers that they should not "make the mistake of thinking lightly of the very characteristic art of Gershwin." Ravel was a Gershwin fan. Bartók was an admirer of *Porgy and Bess.* Another twentieth-century giant, Arnold Schönberg, spoke with subtle perceptiveness when he said, "Many musicians do not consider George Gershwin a serious composer, but they should understand that, serious or not, he is a composer—that is, a man who lives in music and expresses everything, serious or not, sound or superficial, by means of music because it is his native language. There are a number of composers, serious (as they believe), or not (as I know), who learned to add notes together. But they are only serious on account of a perfect lack of humor and soul."

IN 1937 it was shattering to think that young George Gershwin (he was only thirty-eight) was gone. He would never compose that symphony, that ballet, or that string quartet of which he spoke during those last months in Hollywood. All that remained were the superb songs, an opera, and a handful of concert pieces that the "few knowing ones" confidently predicted would quickly fade from the American musical scene.

George Gershwin, American composer, who had held his own in an era when aviators, home-run kings, flagpole sitters, and gangsters were major American culture heroes, has outlasted his day and theirs. His name is kept alive only by the compelling evanescence of sound.

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THE REPORTER Acrostickler No. 59

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 194 163 4 137
A meal for the humble.

B. 77 75 198 107 7
"The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which_____and is desir'd."
Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra."

C. 5 60 215 178 222 23
"What_____came to shed their coats?"
Swinburne, "Faustine."

D. 46 21 192 44 35 185 149 A quick retort.

E. 212 188 151 182 114 16
"Romances paint at full_____people's wooings." Byron, "Don Juan."

F. 98 196 118 42 14 34 214 Wearing away.

G. 61 210 89 9
British Field Marshal in Burma in World War II.

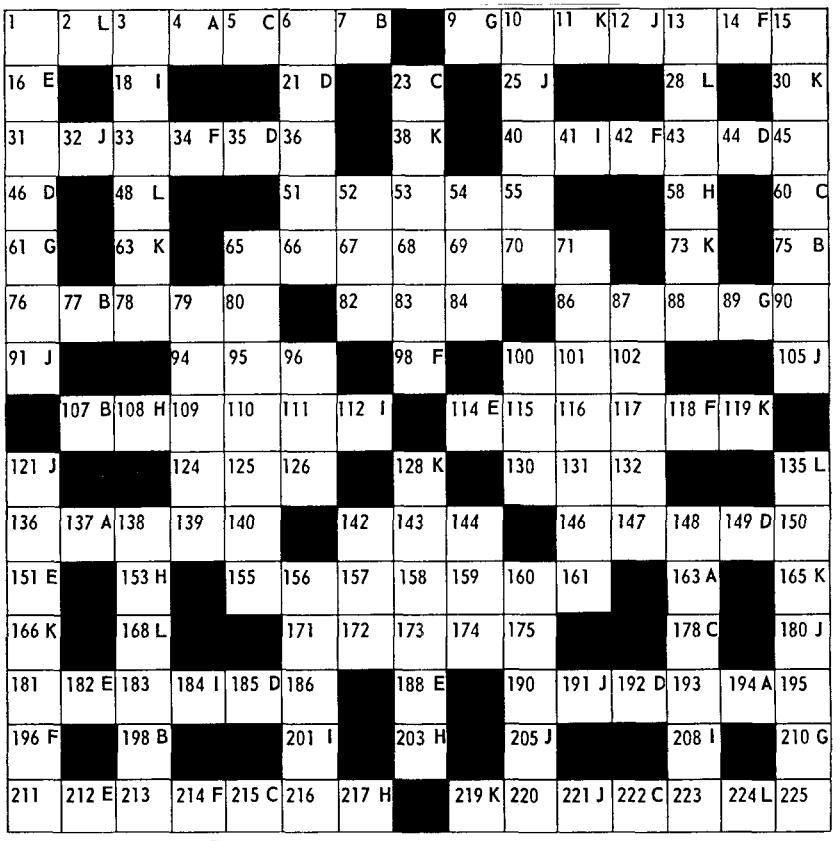
H. 153 58 217 203 108
"Bards of Passion and of_____" Keats, written on a blank page of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Fair Maid of the Inn."

I. 18 112 208 41 184 201
"Wha does the_____that he can,
Will whyles do mair." Burns, "To Dr. Blacklock."

J. 32 105 121 205 12 25 221 191 180 91
Conjuration.

K. 166 73 11 63 30 128 219 165 119 38
A common wrapping material.

L. 2 28 48 135 224 168
Cover for a part of a wheel, especially on an automobile.



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ACROSS

1. A hat? Sort of, but more like a gullet.
9. Mold a small French company into a tuneful combination.
31. No mist goes deeper in than any other.
40. The *milieu* of the Acrostician.
51. Was he supple when he lit? Yes, and 211 also!
65. Put back trees or repair them.
76. Yonder you'll find the backward hesitation.
82. It's not new when the center of 9 is in a riot.
86. This is the Acrostician's profession.
94. A worker in human therapy.
100. Knowledgeable in Shepherd's living.
107. The rat must announce an expression of intention to do harm.
114. *You can have no part of a game* fish.
124. Gregarious without our airs and roe to 114.
130. Antigone's sister loses her men, but has a Japanese warship instead.
136. Alert to the raw Irish poet---
142. ---who turns this element to his use
146. Communist may turn or give a command.
155. Sell now because it's inflated.
171. Half the author might be either Fred or Gracie.
181. The guests have no hut, but one sweats anyhow.
190. Get ready to stay even if the current is punk.
211. A red lens may make one appear thin.
219. Inadmissible evidence that you listen to and speak about right away.

DOWN

1. When you want a drink, try this.
3. A rule about a British doctor sounds like thunder.
6. It's a handle. Let it go!
10. The day of prayer that's hot in December.
13. Tied us to our obligations right away.
15. Put the officer in charge over the dunce and thus contribute to a desirable end.
23. The sleet will alight when he leaves.
52. Is love a prefix that denotes equality?
54. A tray that you can pick up with oddities.
65. *Fails to follow with serene* gestures.
71. The only American poet who makes men sore.
79. Stranger than what the railroads are about.
87. A kind of berth that's soft and pure.
96. The label that's put on the gun backwards.
100. Each aisle holds an exclamation (Alt. sp.).
121. His evil car without Ted makes malignant things.
128. *A missile used to pelt the* French.
135. Cry about the lack of crisp and brittle change.
138. Current measure of master and peer.
142. The sun as found in Fiesole and other hill towns.
144. Is this what they drank in that fatal evening?
148. Let the scientist read such visions.
156. It's such a needless loss to make a stew.
160. Habituate to our need, but do not, either.

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RECORD NOTES

WITNESS!: DRAMATIC HIGHLIGHTS OF CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATIONS. (*Riverside* 7513/14, *$7.95.*)

In these two volumes, producer Bud Greenspan has judiciously anthologized many of the more contentious climaxes of Congressional investigations during the past decade. Here again are Senator McCarthy's formularized cadences of doom punctuated by hysterical giggles, the croaking weariness of Frank Costello, Dave Beck's querulous treble, the mongoose-cobra sparring between Robert Kennedy and James Hoffa, and Casey Stengel's effortless command of jabberwocky. Both sides of one of the two records are devoted to the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings, and that stuttering morality play remains intensely absorbing. Rehearing the exchanges between McCarthy and Joseph Welch is like rereading a favorite novel. The suspense is gone, but there is still enormous satisfaction when the hero—this time under the guise of a drily calm lawyer pushed to rage—finally rises to decapitate the dragon ("At long last, Sir, have you no sense of decency?"). A disturbing counterpoint to the sounds of these modern bear pits is the realization that it was not only McCarthy's targets who were deprived of civil rights. As Edward Bennett Williams makes clear in his new book, *One Man's Freedom* (Atheneum), Hoffa, Beck, and Costello were also occasional victims of the fact that many members of Congress have yet to learn that Congress is not, to quote Chief Justice Warren, "a law enforcement or trial agency . . . Investigations conducted solely for the personal aggrandizement of the investigators or to 'punish' those investigated are indefensible."

CORIOLANUS. Richard Burton, Kenneth Haigh, Jessica Tandy, etc., directed by Howard Sackler. (*Shakespeare Recording Society, Inc.* SRS 226, *mono and stereo, $17.85.*)

The perils of public life in another era are tautly dramatized in *Coriolanus,* a seldom performed but continuously provocative work of Shakespeare. It was about thirty years ago, in fact, that a Paris performance detonated savage riots, since both the Communists and the fascists thought the play was critical of their political precepts and techniques. This newest product of the Shakespeare Recording Society, an adjunct of Caedmon Records, has been crisply directed by Howard Sackler, and the members of the largely British cast make the language appear to be their natural contemporary idiom. As the fearless, irascible patrician, Coriolanus, Richard Burton hurls his lines with biting contempt at the plebeians and their tribunes. Unwilling to curb his hauteur for votes, Coriolanus is eventually banished from Rome, joins the enemy, and is destroyed by his one lapse into tenderness. It is a measure of Shakespeare's complex sense of character—and of Burton's skill—that the prickly Coriolanus becomes a rather appealing figure. There is also a particularly effective performance by Jessica Tandy as Coriolanus' formidable mother ("Anger's my meat: I sup upon myself, and so shall starve with feeding"). A complete text is included with the three records, boxed.

CLEM MCCARTHY: THE VOICE OF AMERICAN SPORTS. (*Riverside* 7522, *$3.98.*)

Besides the drama, poetry, and fitful comedy albums that are proliferating in the "spoken word" section of the LP catalogue, there are various documentary sets that go back beyond *Witness* to stir our memories of the 1930's and 1940's by means of the voices of the political and military suzerains of those years. As a respite from the cosmic crises of the time, many of us were also listening to the equally fervent sports announcers on radio. Of them, the late Clem McCarthy was the most graphic animator of the boxing and racing wars. This collection of his broadcasts brings back in raspingly vivid detail such contests as the two Louis-Schmeling fights and the 1938 match race between War Admiral and Seabiscuit. McCarthy was one of the last of the uninhibitedly personal sports journalists on the air, by contrast with today's mellifluous spielers who slide easily from a beer paean to an uppercut. No one since McCarthy has been able to make these rites so intoxicatingly exciting. He was also unique in his exasperated asides, as when he breaks into a description of

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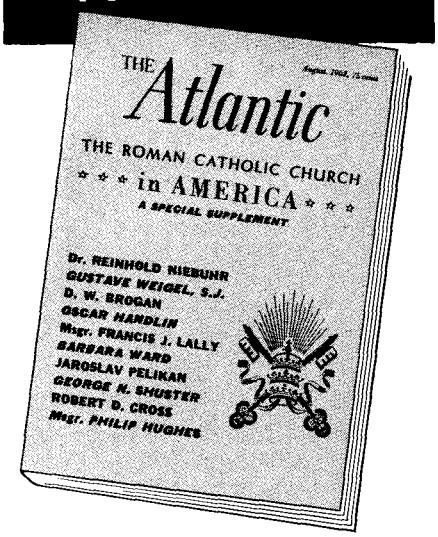

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a celebration in the winner's circle by snapping at a photographer: "Don't get close to that horse's hoofs, young man . . . You think that horse is a statue like the ones they put under generals in the army? It's a live, flesh-and-blood horse! Get back from him!" These grating, urgent descriptions may indicate to the young that even without television, there were men in those ancient times who were so quick and skillful at building striking detail that the jousts they described thundered into the living room with exhausting and bruising clarity.

YOU'RE STEPPING ON MY SHADOW: 9 SOUND STORIES CONCEIVED AND RECORDED BY TONY SCHWARTZ. (*Folkways* FD 5582, *$5.95.*)

Tony Schwartz is a young New Yorker who finds limitless subjects for his tape recorder in the rhythms and conversations of city streets and other public places. His most recent series of microcosms in sound gets its title from a four-year-old girl's description of her imaginary playmates, animal and otherwise. (Her shadow, it turns out, doesn't mind being stepped on.) Schwartz also chronicles "The History of a Voice," the evolving speech patterns and desires of one child from a few days after birth to her ninth birthday. On another track, he has enlisted the jazz clarinetist Jimmy Giuffre to improvise against such unwritten rhythms as water dripping from a kitchen sink and the echoing of footsteps in a marble-lined hall. Among the other sketches of urban life are the widely varying reactions of visitors to the Metropolitan Museum contemplating the Rembrandt that cost over $2 million. He also catches the chaos that erupts when fire strikes in an apartment building, the spectrum of accents in a single family, and the sound of numbers in the city—from a musician beating off the tempo for a jazz band to the grim whirl of an IBM machine warming up. It is Schwartz's intent to prove that the "art of recording" means more than the techniques of recording; and his albums do reflect his own expertise in the art of selection and in the kind of sensitivity that heightens the rhythms and verbal colors of what we do every day.

—NAT HENTOFF

Melodies on the Moldau

WILLIAM WEAVER

ONE of the first things that struck me in Prague was the number of passersby carrying instrument cases, but as I began to investigate the city's musical life, this sight seemed less surprising. Prague boasts five full-time symphony orchestras, two chamber orchestras, three important quartets (the Smetana, the Janáček, and the Vlach), a superb trio (the Suk), plus all sorts of amateur music groups, choruses, and a couple of jazz combos. Nearly everyone I met in my week in the city played an instrument.

For three weeks, from mid-May to early June, this rich musical fare becomes even richer as the city holds its annual festival, the "Prague Spring," inviting artists and groups from both sides of the Iron Curtain. Names like Isaac Stern and Loren Maazel appear on the posters next to those of Oistrakh and Richter. The only problem is choosing, since there are always two and sometimes three or four musical events every day.

LIKE MANY western visitors, I chose to hear Czech opera, which is generally, and unjustly, neglected outside its native land, rather than internationally famous artists. I spent most of my evenings in the National Theater, a charming little late nineteenth-century opera house on the banks of the Moldau. Appropriately enough, three of the operas I heard were by Smetana: his first, *The Brandenburgers in Bohemia*, written in 1861; *Dalibor* (1868); and *Libuše*, which he called a "solemn historical pageant," the opera that inaugurated the National Theater in 1881, though it was written some years before.

Operagoers who know only *The Bartered Bride* (1866)—and this includes nearly all western operagoers—must inevitably have a mistaken idea of Smetana as a composer for the theater. The three operas I heard were quite different in spirit from his colorful, joyous masterpiece; *The Brandenburgers* and *Dalibor* are rousing patriotic works, similar in spirit to the early operas of Verdi, full of lovely, flowing tunes, spirited marches, and rousing choruses. Though *Libuše* is more stately—even static at times—it is equally tuneful and contains some lovely orchestral scene painting.

In these operas, ensemble work is more important than individual bravura. With few exceptions, the leading roles were poorly sung in the performances I heard, but the chorus was first-rate, and the orchestra is perhaps the best opera-house orchestra I have ever heard. Its chief conductor, Jaroslav Krombholc, is also an inspiring leader and an excellent musician.

The first evening I was in Prague Krombholc conducted the opera *Maryša*, composed in 1938 by E. F. Burian. The plot wasn't very promising: a Moravian farmer's daughter (the title role) is forced by her family to give up her young man and marry a rich widower. The girl's lover comes back from his military service, still in love with Maryša, who poisons her husband, then confesses her desperate deed. This simple story is heightened by tense, taut music, and before the curtain had been up five minutes, I was caught in its dark drama. Burian, who died a few years ago, was a jazz musician, an actor, a director, and a film writer. *Maryša* is his only important opera.

Almost every musical event I attended was sold out and there were people standing. Like German and Austrian audiences, the crowd is respectful and silent throughout the performance, but like the Italians and the Americans, the Praguers are also enthusiastic and the evenings end in long ovations. The same crowds and the same enthusiasm were evident at a fine concert of the Prague Philharmonic, and a crowd of more than three thousand jammed the Cathedral for a performance of the Beethoven Ninth.

In addition to hearing music in Prague, the visitor can do a great deal of musical sightseeing. There is a fascinating museum col-

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lection of ancient instruments, and the Smetana Museum gives a moving picture not only of the composer's personal life but also of his hard-fought battle to establish a national school of music.

Many places in Prague are associated with Mozart's several visits there. No Praguer will let you forget that his city saw the first performance of *Don Giovanni* and that here the people's admiration and affection consoled Mozart for the slights and failures of his life in Vienna. The *Don Giovanni* theater is still standing—the Tylovo Divadlo, or Tyl Theater—and opera is still given there.

You can visit a beer hall where Mozart drank, a church where he played the organ, and the Strahov Convent's garden, where he walked and where you can sit and drink coffee as you look down over the city's towers and domes. But the most fascinating and appealing Mozart shrine is the Bertramka Villa, the home of the composer's friends the Dusseks, who used to welcome him there as an honored and beloved guest.

The villa is open only on Sundays, but I didn't know that until I reached the gate (on a Wednesday). I rang the bell anyway, and though the custodian was eating his lunch he kindly let me in and gave me free run of the lovely little house. A glass case contains instruments from the orchestra that played *Don Giovanni* on October 29, 1787; other cases display portraits of singers, autographs, a lock of Mozart's fine blond hair. In one room there is a piano on which he composed; and in the rambling garden there is a stone table at which, according to one of the many legends connected with his masterpiece, he wrote the overture to his "Prague opera."

THE TWIST hasn't yet reached Prague, and transistor radios are few and bulky. Czech television, four years old now, has only one channel in Prague. All evidence indicates that the Praguers will ignore these modern plagues and go on flocking to their opera houses and concert halls, maintaining the Czech capital's reputation as one of the most musical cities in the world.

The Plains

Not like a desert, partly because
Dry grass grew all around. But still,
Everywhere that they looked, they stared
Past something; places they camped were not
Substantial ground. But still, there were
Ruins of shacks, deserted outposts
A child or an old veteran scavenged
Who mumbled too little or too much,
And they moved on, knowing they had
Traversed great distances, but feeling
Somehow that they had just begun.
There were no trees such as had stood
Inside their towns; and now, in the open,
They passed in fear of those their evil
Had crushed, while far, far out ahead,
Doubtlessly waited plots where they
Would build, and all would happen again.
So was this level endlessness
Framed by the past and future to be
Their present; here and there, day
After day, life was affirmed by some
Herd animal's carcass vultures preyed on,
And all around it was just fertile
Enough to find or grow in a season
Their modest want. Summers and winters,
Death was a common fact, whose causes,
Nevertheless, were the same here,
Giving or taking a little snow
Or sun, as they had ever been.
Though it seemed nowhere, they could subsist
Inside it, or move ever without
Getting to some place where they felt
That something must be done. These were
The settlers; you must understand
They had their will. They knew these moderate
Fruits had produced savages,
Given to kill since they could not
Foresee what they should want; and so,
Evenings they sang of the Promised Land
In tones to unnerve the dead. Each dawn,
They could view landscape like a king:
A few steps to the highest mound
And kingdom spread, for pious they were
And never would admit that they
Disliked it, but bowed their heads, dreaming
Themselves too small to yet control it.
Maybe the myriad pots and pans,
Devices for survival, finally
Burdened them down; maybe the clouds,
Shaped into runes of their daily deeds,
Sailed for so long toward every known
Horizon—but we know they settled
Here, in the middle of it. Always
Before them, from curious, staggered
Shacks, they watched the glorious sunsets
And saw the shifting grasses and broken
Rises. Knowing how well they had
Succeeded or failed by coming only
As far as this, no further, they saw
Mirages of cities they knew their sons
Would build. We think we have not lived
To build these things, but we are their sons.

—DAVID GALLER

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BOOKS

Tails Wagging Dogs

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE U-2 AFFAIR, by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. *Random House. $4.95.*
THE CUBAN INVASION, by Tad Szulc and Karl E. Meyer. *Ballantine. $0.50.*

These books, each by a brace of Washington newspapermen, recount the stories of the most painful episodes in American foreign policy in each of the past two years. They offer one more opportunity to think about the lessons to be learned from these springtime fiascoes. In the U-2 affair of 1960 and even more in the Cuban invasion of 1961, there certainly was ineptitude, as these detailed reconstructions show; the question is whether there was also a deeper failure.

The Szulc-Meyer book on Cuba, which is the more loosely put together but also the more intellectually interesting, sets its story against a broad background of U.S.-Cuban relations, and makes interpretive and editorial comments all through the telling of it. No doubt there will be many differing versions about as controversial and complicated a set of events as these. This one finds the roots of the disaster going much deeper than decisions about the invasion itself: the CIA, among many errors, made too cocky an analogy between this attempt and the earlier Guatemala success; the Eisenhower administration had too friendly a relationship with the Batista régime; the United States responded clumsily to the Castro revolution and overreacted to the mass trials; the American people had had a "Platt Amendment" psychology for many years, regarding a country we dominated economically as being somehow rightly subject to our intervention. As is regularly the case, the faults in our approach toward Cuba are to be found as much in broad patterns of interpretation over many years as in specific decisions in one moment.

The Wise-Brown book on the U-2 story is more carefully written but perhaps makes too transparent a use of fictional and dramatic devices to tell the historical events. The narrative weaves back and forth among places and characters (with a great deal about Captain Powers's life and family and trial and eventual release in the trade for Colonel Abel) in the way the Tarzan books used to do; the book is full of specific place names and dialogue and thoughts and exact times to the minute ("at 12:05 p.m. Hagerty called in newsmen . . . at 6:18 p.m. Ivano dashed out of the Press Club . . . at

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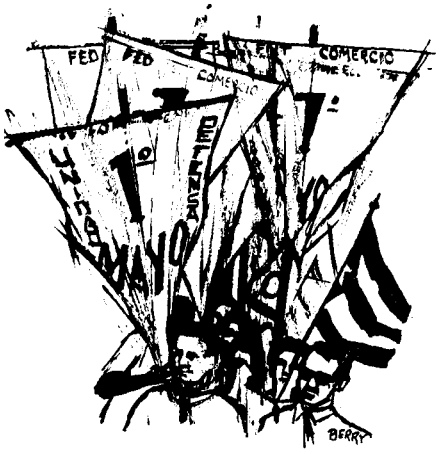
10:01 Powers emerged from 108 days confinement . . ."). Wise and Brown treat the events as an "affair," like an Eric Ambler thriller. But the facts are here, and the concluding chapter gives some intelligent final comments.

The chief fault in these two "affairs," overwhelmingly evident and strikingly similar in both cases, is an uncritical reliance on technicians, bureaucrats, and operators. Means determined ends; people who were supposed to carry out policy in effect set policy. Wise and Brown conclude that the U-2 was sent so near the time for the summit because the policymakers had lost control of the U-2 program and the people running it wanted to get in one more flight before a possible *détente:* "They were worried not so much



that the U-2 might endanger the summit as that the summit might endanger the U-2. By May of 1960, intelligence had come to dominate policy in the U-2 program. Instead of serving as a basis for policy-making, intelligence-gathering had become an end in itself."

Szulc and Meyer, generously spreading the blame for the Cuban disaster on many sides, come in the end to a central villain: "the insulated rationalism of a sheltered bureaucracy," that "hulking, stubborn giant that seemingly can only look where it has been and not wither it is tending." They cite Max Weber on the characteristics of a bureaucracy: "experts," cloaking their work in secrecy, are able to derail even the policy of their putative superiors as "the occasional ideas of a dillettante." "In the case of the Cuban invasion," write Szulc and Meyer, "a segment of a powerful bureaucracy committed itself to a specific approach to a particular problem. Its money, its prestige, its *esprit de corps* were enrolled in a project the bureaucratic experts judged to be sound . . . it swept along an entire government behind a plan that rested on the secret knowledge of those who were steering in darkness."

THE many other errors in these two episodes cluster around this central one. In both we were caught in lies because, having trusted the confident activists, we did not think deeply enough about what would happen if our operation failed, and the operators' "cover story" approach moved by default to the top level of government. We fumbled and backtracked and performed badly because the President and top policy people had not thought through the implications of these activities: they were not close enough, or fully enough committed, to the operation that they had (more or less reluctantly) allowed the operators to carry on.

In the Cuban case, unlike the U-2 affair, there was an explicit Presidential decision, after long discussion, to go ahead with a particular action; the President's responsibility in that case is not merely formal but quite personal and real. But part of it is the responsibility for the excessive delegation to the CIA of policy power. Szulc and Meyer disagree with interpretations that make one decision—the President's cancellation of the second air strike—the key to the failure of the whole; so many other mistakes had been made, they say, (for an important example, the CIA's "total failure to work with the Cuban underground") that that one is only a part of the general tragedy.

If there is a moral defect under this, it is also a profoundly important political defect. In both cases it is apparent that the practice of letting the instruments take over, setting the ends, is a very bad thing—and comes uncomfortably close to being the characteristic American blind spot.

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A Triumph Of Insight

GEORGE STEINER

PAINTING OF THE HIGH RENAISSANCE IN ROME AND FLORENCE, by Sydney Freedberg. *Harvard University Press. Two Volumes. $30.*

"She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands."

This, of course, from Walter Pater's ecstatic meditation on the *Gioconda*. Professor Freedberg's touch is different: "The vibrant acuity of feeling—the core around which the *Mona Lisa's* harmony of spirit is composed—is the indication of a survival in Leonardo of the almost poignant sense of the identity of individual phenomena that comes from his education in the Quattrocento. This sense is evident not only in the personality, but in certain of the descriptive details of *Mona Lisa's* form, and above all in the exquisite finenesses of painting of the textures both of substance and of air."

In the ninety years which separate the two passages, the quality of expert response has altered sharply. We seek to observe, by scrupulous limitation of invoked feeling, what is actually *there*. We make of the painting the point of convergence of known and discerned purpose, not the unstable hub of a wide wheel of free emotions. Pater looks at the experience of the painting in Pater. We pride ourselves on being able to look at the painting as such, of making of our sensibility, so far as we know how, a neutral, precise echo.

What has changed also, in a fas-

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cinating way, is the relation of language to the art object. In a vein heightened by deliberate virtuosity, Pater is representative of a characteristic notion of romantic and Victorian aesthetics: he seeks to make of words a sensuous analogue to the painting, a re-creative mirror. By contrast, the modern critic attempts to denote, in precise enumeration, the components of the work—the iconography, the palette, the geometry of grouping, the use of *sfumato*. Ruskin and Pater blur the line between rational discourse and sensuous perception. Such art historians as Erwin Panofsky and Professor Freedberg have a controlling awareness of the limitations of language. The technical parlance of the contemporary scholar both determines and increases the distance between total aesthetic feeling and informed study or criticism.

The crucial change is the authority and check of the modern photograph. The photograph

has not only, as Malraux argues, given the layman unprecedented entry into a "universal museum" where all styles and periods jostle for attention; it has profoundly modified the focus of art criticism. Diderot and Baudelaire are classic critics of the pre-history of modern reproduction; Pater worked in a period of transition. Today the photograph, of continually increasing fidelity, is both master and servant. Professor Freedberg's spacious, erudite study is, in strict fact, a gloss on seven hundred plates. Since Berenson (whose own style had neither force nor vivacity), the word is frame to the picture.

Professor Freedberg deals with the classical style of the High Renaissance, from its inception in Leonardo's treatment of the head of an angel in Verrocchio's *Baptism* of 1476 to its decline into mannerism after 1515. He is concerned principally with the works of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael in Rome and Florence. Lesser masters such as Andrea del Sarto, Sebastiano del Piombo, and Fra Bartolommeo are seen in the defining or obscuring light of the three titans. The discussion is technical, richly sustained, and close.

THE CORE of the book is its definition of classicism as the achievement of a harmonious relationship, of a dynamic coexistence, between two contrary impulses. These are an idealized rendering of visual form (a prevalence of proportion and embracing movement over naturalistic detail) and the assertion that this ideal image is, in fact, a true reading of nature. In the classicism of the High Renaissance, physical forms are shaped and inhabited by a central energy of spirit, in the sense in which complex dynamics of growth and function inhabit the stylized dimensions of a seashell. The particularity of plastic shapes is rounded and universalized by inherent truth. Whereas the art of the Gothic painter and of Botticelli makes of outward form the translucent vessel of allegoric or abstract meaning, Leonardo makes of bodily presence and tactile beauty the direct, inseparable medium of spirit and emotion. It is a subtle distinction, but Professor Freedberg argues that it is crucial to the achievements of the most extraordinary period in European art.

By reconciling ideal vision and philosophic realism through the means of style, Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael attained a treatment of the human figure which is truly classical. Theirs was the heritage of the antique. The supreme instances of this fusion, of this total penetration of idealized reality by interior meaning, are Leonardo's Saint Anne, the Ignudi on the Sistine ceiling, and the *Stanze* and portraits of Raphael. Indeed, in Raphael classicism is at its most limpid; here the ideal pursuit is liberated from some of the fierce, complicated pressures of private vision at work in Leonardo and Michelangelo.

The recapture of antique harmony was short-lived. It was not, as in Periclean Athens, an unpremeditated evolution of native talent, but a triumph of insight, sustained by genius and artifice. Where the former lapsed, the latter flourished. In Pontormo and the painters of the 1520's, equilibrium grows restless;

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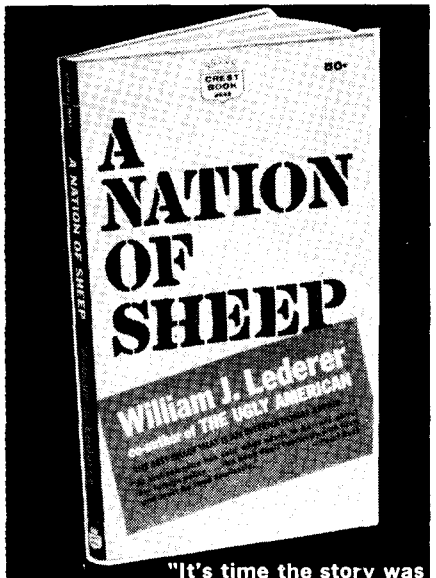

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mannerism and the baroque are near.

At every step, Professor Freedberg's argument depends on confrontation with the painting. His language is muted and technical because it is conceived in scrupulous observance of the actual works. Unfortunately, the reproductions are a disservice to an eminent enterprise. There are no color plates and the black-and-white has a flat, diminutive texture. These seven hundred plates represent a major feat of inclusion; they form a catalogue of obvious authority. But they betray the text and are far below the standard of reproduction now available. Often decisive details and nuances, on which Professor Freedberg founds his thesis, are invisible. The serious reader will have to use the text in conjunction with plates reproduced elsewhere or—best of all—in direct view of the high art it discusses. ««

A Trinidadian Dickens

SAREL EIMERL

A House for Mr. Biswas, by V. S. Naipaul. *McGraw-Hill. $5.95.*

This is a long novel, brawny and spirited, about a group of Trinidad Indians, most of them very poor. Although poverty tends to be debilitating in real life, the poor in fiction commonly appear far more vital than the middle classes. Their vitality springs logically from the author's personality, for he must either have risen from poverty, which requires exceptional energy, or be able to report experiences foreign to his own, which requires an exceptionally vigorous imagination. V. S. Naipaul, himself a Trinidad Indian, belongs to the second category. He is middle-class and even went to Oxford, the British colonial's vision of terrestrial paradise, but he writes about the poor with the detail and knowledge of a man describing his own past.

His central character, Mr. Biswas, is a classic fictional figure: poor, puny, a figure of fun but blessed with a spunky spirit that refuses to surrender. Continually defeated by cruel circumstance, he always springs back to renew the battle. The tone mingles the grotesque, the absurd, and the comic. Mr. Biswas marries a daughter of the powerful Tulsi family, who are in the habit of reducing their sons-in-law to helpless servitude. The others submit, but Mr. Biswas is determined to win independence and live in a house of his own. He opens a store and goes bankrupt. He builds a shack; it is burned down. He builds another and is forced to abandon it. Finally he buys a house, naturally at an exorbitant price that plunges him hopelessly into debt. But he is free of the Tulsis at last.

Mr. Biswas' lifelong struggle for a house of his own perfectly symbolizes Everyman's aspiration toward independence. We all have our own Tulsis and our own dreams of self-assertion and escape. But Mr. Biswas, unlike most of us, is a gay warrior—which means that Naipaul is a gay writer. He can perceive the comic in poverty, humiliation, fear, and even death. At one point, Mr. Biswas gets a job on a sensational newspaper where he revels in writing grotesque stories, like one addressed to the children of an explorer: "Well, kiddies, I have news for you. Daddy is on his way home. Yesterday he passed through Trinidad. In a coffin." For the moment, Mr. Biswas is up. Then the newspaper becomes so successful that it turns respectable and Mr. Biswas is demoted to covering funerals. Down again, he decides to write for magazines, and takes a correspondence course from a London journalism school that instructs him to compose pieces on "Guy Fawkes Night, Some Village Superstitions, The Romance of Place-Names ('Your vicar is likely to prove a mine of colourful information'), Characters at the Local." Mr. Biswas is stumped and gives up.

His jousts with lunatic authority are hilarious, for Naipaul has a sharp eye for the preposterous and his dialogue is persistently funny. This is partly because the characters all talk a brisk not-quite-English that is inherently comic, and partly because they express their frustrations not in the mournful whine of

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so many contemporary novelists but with a kind of brusque petulance.

The comedy is heightened by Mr. Biswas' naïveté. He sues a customer for not paying a bill and is bankrupted when the man countersues on the ground that the first suit has damaged his credit. A wily relative suggests that Mr. Biswas "insuranburn" his store. Mr. Biswas feels that he is receiving a glimpse into high finance: "Is this why all those motor cars burning up every day?"

NAIPAUL's first three novels, all well received in England, were primarily comedies; in this book, funny though it is, the comic is only one of many conditions, as in reality. Many of us, if trying to write our life story and remembering that it has at different times—or even at the same time—appeared both funny and horrible, might be baffled to know which line to pursue. Naipaul's triumph is that he has assimilated the comedy and the horror, the fun and the misery, into a coherent whole. Mr. Biswas is a clown and a dreamer but he is also a little fearful man courageously fighting a hostile world. His frustrations and his defeats are all here, along with the jests and the momentary triumphs. He is so obsessed with winning independence that he sees his children as a burden; only when it is too late does he sadly realize that he has missed their childhoods. And Naipaul surely catches the pathos of millions with "three men, none over forty, who considered their careers closed and rested their ambitions on the achievements of their children."

It is no surprise that one of Mr. Biswas'—and presumably Naipaul's—favorite authors is Dickens. "Dickensian" is the obvious word to describe the various Tulsis, crammed by the dozen into one house, desperately poor yet brimming with the vitality of quarrels and intrigue. The novel's one real flaw is Dickensian, too; it is repetitious and perhaps a quarter too long. Mr. Biswas makes up for the occasional tedium. Dickens could pack a dozen marvelous characters into one novel. Naipaul has created only one, but that one belongs in the Dickens gallery of people one would have dearly loved to know.

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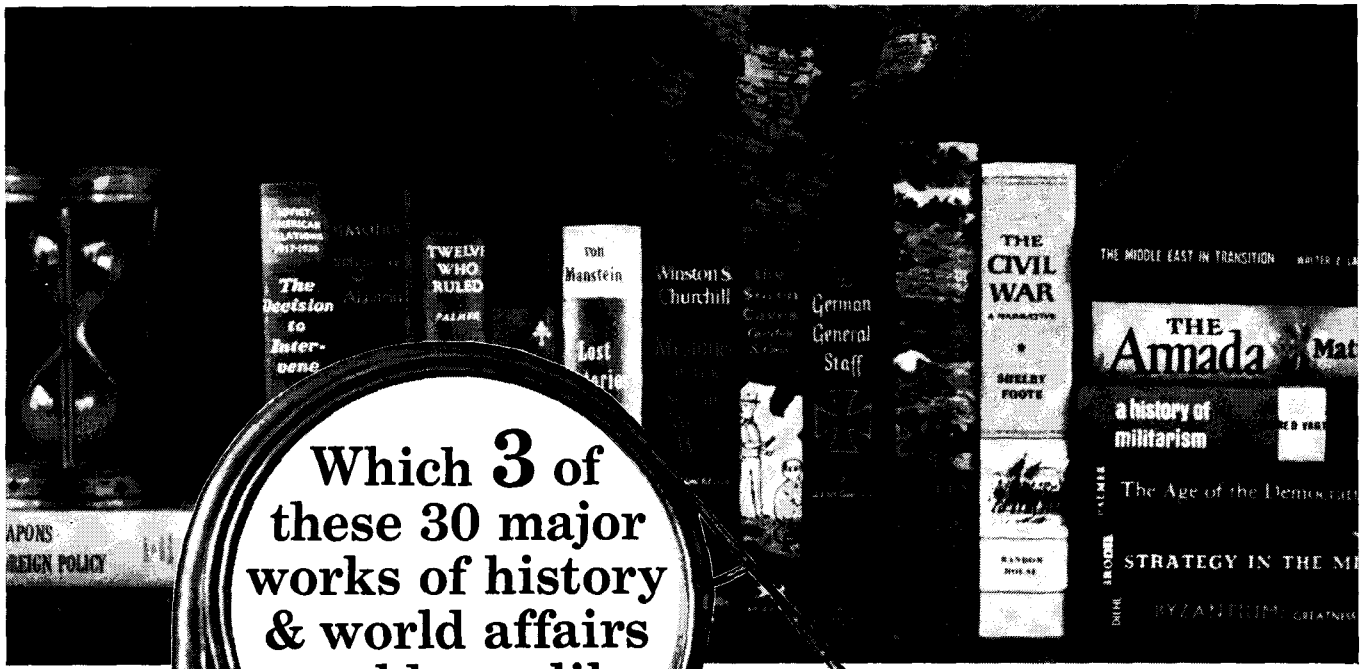

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